

JACKE DRVMS

Entertainment,

OR

THE COMEDIE

OF PASQVIL AND

KATHERINE.

*As it hath beene sundry times plaid by the
Children of Powles.*

Newly corrected.



LONDON,

Printed by *W. Stansby*, for *Philip Knight*, and are
to be sold at his shop in Chancery-Lane,
ouer against the Roles.

1616.

JACKIE D.R.V.M.

Entertainment

THE COMEDIE

OF FAVOUR AND

KATHARINE

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF

Henry the Fifth



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KATHERINE.

The Introduction.

Enter the Tyer-man.

IN good faith, Gentlemen, I thinke we shall be forced to giue you right Iacke Drums entertainment, for he that composed the Booke, we should present, hath done vs very vehement wrong, he hath snatched it from vs, upon the very instance of entrance, and with violence keeps the boyes from comming on the stage. So, God helpe me, if we wrong your delights, 'tis infinitely against our endenours, vlesse we should make a tumult in the Tying-house.

Exit Tyer-man.

Enter one of the Children.

You much mistake his Action, Tyer-man,
His violence proceedes not from a minde
That grudgeth pleasure to this generous presence,
But doth protest all due respect and loue,
Vnto this choise selected influence.
He vowes, if he could draw the musick from the Spheares,

A pleasant Comedie.

To entertayne this presence with delight,
Or could distill the quintessence of heaven
In rare composed Scenes, and sprinkle them
Among your eares, his industrie should sweat
To sweeten your delights: but he was loth,
Wanting a *Prologue*, and our selues not perfect,
To rush vpon your eyes without respect:
Yet if youle pardon his defects and ours,
Hee'le giue vs passage, and you pleasing scenes,
And vowes not to torment your listning eares
With mouldie fopperies of stale Poetrie,
Vnpossible drie mustie fictions;
And for our parts to gratifie your fauour,
Weele studie till our cheekes looke wan with care,
That you our pleasures, we your loues may share. *Exit.*

ACTVS PRIMVS.

*Enter Iacke Drum, and Timothy Twedle, with a
Taber and a Pipe.*

Drum. **C**OME *Timothy Twedle*, tickle thy Pipe on the
greene, as I haue tippled the pot in the celler,
and the key for the honor of *High gate*, you old *Troian*.

Twedle. And a heigh for the honor of *Hygate*, Hem, by
my holy dam, tho I say it, that shuld not say it, I thinke I
am as perfect in my Pipe, as Officers in poling, Courtiers in
flatterie, or Wenches in falling: Why, looke you *Iacke
Drum*, tis euen as naturall to me, as brawdrie to a Somner,
knauerie to a Promoter, or damnation to an Vsurer. But
is *Holloway* Morrice prancing vp the hill?

Drum. I, I; and *Sir Edward*, and the yellow tooth'd,
sunck-eyde, gowtie shankt Vsurer *Maman*, my young Mi-
stresses

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

stresses and all are comming to the greene, lay cushions, lay the cushions, ha the Wenches!

Twed. The wenches, ha, when I was a young man and could tickle the Minikin, and made them crie thanks, sweet *Timothy*, I had the best stroke, the sweetest touch, but now (I may sigh to say it) I am false from the Fiddle, and be-tooke me to thee.

He playes on his Pipe.

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, M. Mamon, Camelia, Katherine, and Winifride, Camelia's maide.

Sir Ed. Sit, *M. Mamon*, ha, here's a goodly day night.

Mam. I thanke you, sir, and faith what newes at court?

Sir Ed. What newes at Court? ha, ha, now Iesu God, Fetch me some *Burdeaux* wine, what newes at Court?

Reprobate fashion, when each ragged clowt,
Each Coblers spawne, and yestie bowzing bench,
Reekes in the face of sacred maiestie

His stinking breath of censure, Out-vpon't, *He drinks.*

Why by this *Burdeaux* iuyce, 'tis now become

The shewing-horne of Bèzelers discourse,

The common foode of prate: what newes at court?

But in these stiffe neckt times, when euery Iade

Huffes his vpreared crest, the zealous bent

Of Councillors solide cares is strampled on

By euery hacknies heeles: Oh, I could burst

At the coniectures feares, preuentions

And restles tumbling of our tossed braines:

Yee shall haue me an empiric caske that's furd,

With nought but barmie froth, that ne're traueld

Beyond the confines of his Mistris lips,

Discourse as confident of peace with Spaine,

As if the *Genius* of quicke *Machiuel*

A pleasant Comedie

Wher'd his speech.

Mam. Oh forbear, you are too sharpe with me.

S. Ed. Nay, *M. Maman*, misinterpret not,
I onely burne the barren heath of youth,
That cannot court the presence of faire time
With ought but with, what newes at Court, sweet sir?
I had rather that *Kemps* Morrice were their chat,
For of foolish actions, may be theyle talke wisely, but of
Wife intendments, most part talke like fooles.
The summe is this, beare onely this good thought,
The Counsell-chamber is the Phoenix nest,
Who wastes it selfe, to giue vs peace and rest.

The Taber and Pipe strike up a Morrice.

A shoute within.

A Lord, a Lord, a Lord, who!

Ed. Oh, a Morrice is come, obserue our country sport,
'Tis Whitson-tyde, and we must frolick it.

Enter the Morrice.

The Song.

Skip it, and trip it, nimbly, nimbly, tickle it, tickle it, lustily,
Strike up the Taber, for the wenches fauour, tickle it, tickle
it lustily:

Let vs be seene, on Hygate-Greene, to dance for the honour of
Holloway.

Since we are come hither, let's spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.

Ed. Well said, my boyes, I must haue my Lords linory,
what is't, a May-pole? troth, 'twere a good body for a
courtiers imprezza, if it had but this life, *Frustra florescit.*
Hold Cousin, hold.

He giues the Foole money.

Foole. Thankes Cousin, when the Lord my Fathers

Audis

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Audit comes, wee'l repay you againe. Your beneuolence too, sir.

Mam. What, a Lords sonne become a begger?

Foole. Why not, when beggers are become Lords sons: come, 'tis but a small trifle.

Mam. Oh, sir, many a small make a great.

Foole. No, sir, a few great make a many small, come my Lords, poore and neede hath no law.

S. Ed. Nor necessitie no right, *Drum*, downe with them into the Celler, rest content, rest content, one bout more, and then away.

Foole. Speak like a true hart, I kisse thy foot sweet knight.

The Morrice sing and dance, and Exeunt.

Mam. Sir Edward Fortune, you keepe too great a house, I am your friend, in hope your sonne in law,
And from my loue I speake, you keepe too great a house,
Goe to you doe, yon same drie throated huskes
Will sucke you vp, and you are ignorant
What frostie fortunes may benumme your age,
Pouertie, the Princes frowne, a ciuill warre, or.

S. Ed. Or what? tush, tush, your life hath lost his taste,
Oh madnesse, still to sweat in hot pursuit
Of cold abhorred sluttish niggardise,
To exile ones fortunes from their natie vse,
To entertaine a present pouertie,
A willing want, for Infidell mistrust
Of gracious prouidence: Oh Lunacie,
I haue two thousand pound a yeere, and but two girles,
I owe nothing, liue in all mens loue,
Why should I now goe make my selfe a slaue
Vnto the god of fooles? put worst: then, here's my rest.
I had rather liue rich to die poore, then liue poore to die rich.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. Oh, but so great a masse of coyne might mount
from wholsome thrift, that after your decease your issue
might swell out your name with pompe.

S. Ed. Ha, I was not borne to be my cradles drudge,
To choke and stifle vp my pleasures breath,
To poyson with the venomd cares of thrift
My priuate sweet of life: onely to scrape
A heape of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren vertues of my progenie,
And make them sprowt, spight of their want of worth:
No, I doe loue my Girles should with me liue,
Which few doe wish that haue a greedie Syre:
But still expect and gape with hungrie lip,
When hee'le giue vp his gowtie stewardship.

Mam. You touch the quick of sense, but then I wonder
You not aspire vnto the eminence
And height of pleasing life: to Court, to Court,
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pompe
Like a bright Diamond in a Ladies brow,
There plant your fortunes in the flowring spring,
And get the Sunne before you of respect:
There trench your selfe within the peoples loue,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace,
What's wealth without respect and mounted place?

S. Ed. Worse and worse, I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeas'd with mine owne waight;
Nor hoise vp all my sailes to catch the winde
Of the drunke reeling Commons: I labour not
To haue an awfull presence, nor be fear'd
(Since who is fear'd, still feares to be so fear'd)
I care not to be like the *Horeb* Calfe,
One day ador'd, and next pasht all in peeces:

Nor

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Nor doe I enuie *Polyphemian* puffes,
Swizars slopt greatnesse: I adore the Sunne,
Yet loue to liue within a temperate zone:
Let who will climbe ambitious glibbery rounds,
And leane vpon the vulgars rotten loue,
I'll not corriuall him: The Sunne will giue
As great a shadow to my trunck as his:
And after death like *Che/men* hauing stood
In play for Bishops, some for Knights, and Pawnes,
We all together shall be tumbled vp, into one bagge,
Let hush'd calme quiet, rock my life asleepe:
And being dead, my owne ground presse my bones,
Whilest some old Beldame hobbling ore my graue,
May mumble thus: *Here lyes a Knight, whose money*
Was his slave. Now lacke, what newes?

Enter lacke Drum.

Drum. And please your worship, the Morrice haue tane
their liquor.

Sir Ed. Hath not the liquor tane them?

Drum. Tript vp their heeles, or so? one of them hath
vndertaken to dance the Morrice from *Hygate* to *Holloway*,
on his heeles, with his hands vpwards.

S. Ed. That's nothing hard.

Drum. Yes sir, 'tis easier for him to dance on his head
then his heeles, for indeede his heeles are turn'd ranck re-
bels, they will not obey, but they are tumbling downe the
hill a-pace.

Mam. And I must after then, farewell, my soules de-
light, sweet *Katherine*, adieu. *Camells*, good night.

S. Ed. Nay, not to *London*, sir, to night, I staid at least
stay supper.

Drum. Harke you, sir, there's but two Lambs, a dozen

A pleasant Comedie

Capons, halfe a score couple of rabbets, three tartes, and foure tansies, for supper, and therefore I beseech you giue him *Iacke Drums* intertainment: Let the *Iebusite* depart in peace.

Sir Edw. Why, *Iacke* is not that sufficient!

Drum. I for any Christian, but for a yawning Vsurer, 'tis but a bit, a morsell, if you table him, heele deuoure your whole Lordship, he is a Quick-sand, a *Goodwin*, a Gulfe, as hungrie as the iawes of a layle, hee will waste more substance then *Ireland* Souldiers: A Dye, a Drabbe, and a Paunch-swolne Vsurer, deuoure whole Monarchies: Let him passe sweet Knight, let him passe.

Sir Edw. Peace knaue, peace.

Daughter, lay your expresse commandement vpon the stay of Master *Mamon*, what 'tis womens yeere, *Dian* doth rule, and you must domineere.

Mam. No, sheele not with my stay, oh I am curst With her inexorable swiftnesse, by her loue Which dotes me more then new coin'd glowing gold, The vtmost bent of my affection Shoots all my fortunes to obtaine her lone, And yet I cannot praise, but still am loth'd. My presence hated, therefore *Mamon* downe, Farewell, *Sir Edward*, farewell beauties Crowne.

Sir Edw. Faith, as it please you for going, and her for I will inforce neyther.

Kath. With your pardon, sir, I shal sooner hate my selfe, Then loue him.

Sir Edw. Nay, be free my daughters in election, Oh, how my soule abhors inforced yokes, Chiefly in loue, where the affections bent Should wholly sway the fathers kind consent.

'Fore

'Fore God when I was batcheler, had a friend,
 Nay, had my father wisht me to a wife,
 That might haue lik'd me, yet their verie wish
 Made me mistrust my Loue, had not true course,
 But had some sway from durie which might hold
 For some slight space: but O when time shall search
 The strength of loue, then vertue, and your eye,
 Must knit his sinewes: I chusde my selfe a wife
 Poore, but of good discent, and wee did liue
 Till death diuorc'd vs, as a man would wish:
 I made a woman, now wenches make a man:
 Choosfe one either of valour, wit, honestie, or wealth,
 So he be gentle, and you haue my heart,
 Ifaith you haue: What, I haue land for you both,
 You haue loue for your selues. Heeres master *Mamon* now.

Drum. A Club-fisted Vsurer.

Sir Edw. A wealthie, carefull, thriving Citizen.

Mam. Carefull, I, I, let nothing without good blacke
 and white, I warrant you.

Drum. Yes, sir.

Mam. No, sir.

Drum. A little backe wind, sauing your VVor. si.

Mam. I am scott at, where's my man there ho?

Came. Sir, you need not take the pepper in the nose,
 Your nose is fire enough.

Mam. What *Flawne*, what *Christopher*, *Hart* where's
 the knaue become? Hold sirrah, carrie my cloake.

Enter Flawne.

Kath. It seemes he can scarce carrie himselfe.

Drum. He's ouer the shooes, yet heele hold out water,
 for I haue liquor'd him soundly.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. Why cannot you come where headie liquor is,
but you must needs bouze?
What, a man may lead a horse to the water, but heele chuse
to drinke.

Flawn. True, but I am no horse, for I cannot chuse but
drinke.

Mam. A pale weake stripling, yet contend with Ale.

Flawn. Why, the weakest goe to the pot still. (day.

Mam. That jest shall saue him. Sir Edward, now good

Exit.

Sir Edw. Nay, sir, weele bring you a little of the way.

Drum. Rely on me, *Christopher*, I will be thy staffe,
And thy Masters nose shal be thy lanthorne & candlelight.

Exeunt all. Alament Camelia and Wini fride.

Wini. Mistris *Camelia*, me thinkes, your eye
Sparkles not spirit as 't was wont to doe.

Came. My mind is dull, and yet my thoughts are fixt
Vpon a pleasing object, *Brabant*'s loue.

Wini. Indeed young *Brabant* is a proper man,
And yet his legs are somewhat of the least,
And faith a chittie well complexion'd face,
And yet it wants a beard: A good sweet youth,
And yet some say, he hath a valiant breath,
Of a good haire, but oh, his eyes, his eyes.

Came. Last day thy praise extold him to the skies.

Wini. Indeed, hee weares good clothes, and throwes his
With good discretion vnder his left arme, (cloake
He curls his boot with judgement, and takes a whiffe
With gracefull fashion, sweares a valorous othe,
But O the deuill, hath a hateful fault, he is a yonger brother.

Came. A younger brother? O intolerable.

Wini. No, Mistris, no: but there's Master *John*,
Master *John Ellis*, there's a lad, yfaith,

Ha

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Ha for a vertuous honest good youth!

Came. Tut, hee is good because hee knowes not how to
Nor wherefore he is good. (be bad,

Wini. I know not, mee thinkes, not to bee bad, is good
inough in these dayes.

Came. Nay, he is a foole, a perfect ideot.

Wini. Why, all the better. And I'll tell you this,
The greatest ladie in the land affects him,
Nay, doates vpon him, I, and lyes with him.

Cam. What ladie, good sweet *Winifride*, what ladie say?
Faith there bee some good partes about the foole, which I
perceiue not, yet another may: what ladie, good sweet *Wi-*
nifride? say quicke good wench.

Wini. The ladie *Fortune*.

Came. Why, my nam's *Fortune* too.

Wini. Then you must needs fauour him,
For *Fortune* fauours fooles.

Came. Oh, but to hugge a foole is odious.

Wini. Foule water quencherh fire well enough,
And with more liuely pallat, you shall taste
The iuice of pleasures fount, at priuate times:
Pish, by my maiden head, were I to match,
I would elect a wealthie foole 'fore all,
Then may one hurrie in her chariot,
Shine in rich purpled Tissue, haue hundred loues,
Rule all, pay all, take all, without checke or snib.
When being married to a wise man (O the Lord)
You are made a foole, a ward, curb'd and controll'd, and
(O) out vpon't.

Came. Beleeue me wench, thy words haue fired me,
I'll lay me downe vpon a banke of *Pinkes*,
And dreame vpon't; sweet foole, I tis most cleere,

A pleasant Comedie

A foolish bed-mate, why he hath no peere. *Exit Camelia.*

Wini. Ha, ha, her loue is as vncertaine as an Almanacke, as vncoustant as the fashon, just like a whiffe of Tabacco, no sooner in at the mouth, but out at the nose: I thinke in my heart I could make her enamoured on *Timothy Tweddle*: well, he that fees me best, speeds best.

For as it pleas'd my bribed lips to blowe,
So turnes her feath'rie fancieto and fro.

Exit.

Enter Brabant Junior at one doore, Ned Planes at the other.

Bra. Good speed thee, my good sweet *Planet*,
How doost thou *Chuck*?

Pla. How now *Brabant*, where haue you liu'd these three or for foure daies?

Bra. Ho! at the glittering Court, my *Pytheas*.

Pla. Plague on ye, *Pytheas*, what haue you done there?

Bra. Why, lane in my Ladies lap, eat, drinke and sleep.

Pla. So hath thy Ladies dogge done, what art in loue,
VVith yon *Hygate* Mammet still?

Bra. Still, I still, and still, I in eternitie.

Pla. It shalbe chronicled, next after the death of *Bankes* his horse, I wonder why thou lou'st her?

Bra. Loue hath no reason.

Pla. Then is loue a beast.

Bra. O my *Camelia* is loue it selfe.

Pla. The deuill shee is; Hart her lips looke like a dride Neats-tounge: her face as richly yellow, as the skin of a cold Custard; & her mind as setled as the feet of bald pated time.

Bra. Plague on your hatefull humour, out vpon't.
Why should your stomacke be so queasie now,
As to bespawle the pleasures of the world?

VVhy should you runne an Idle counter-course

Thwart

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Thwart to the path of fashion? Come your reason?

O you are buried in Philosophie,
And there intomb'd in supernaturals,
You are dead to natiue pleasures life.

Pla. Let me busse thy cheeke, sweet Pugge,
Now I am perfect hate, I lou'd but three things in the
world, Philosophie, Thrift, and my selfe. Thou hast made
me hate Philosophie. A Vsurers greasie Codpiece made me
lothe Thrift: but if all the Brewers jades in the Towne can
drugge me from loue of my selfe, they shall doe more then
e're the seuen wise men of *Greece* could: Come, come, now
Ile be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*,

Bra. Along with me then, you droming *Sagbut*.
Ile bring thee to a Crew.

Pla. Of Fooles wilt not?

Bra. Faith, if you haue any weight of judgement, you
may easily sound what depth of wits they draw, there's
first my elder brother.

Pla. Oh the Prince of fooles, vnequal'd Ideot,
He that makes costly suppers to trie wits:
And will not stick to spend some twentie pound
To grope a gull: that same perpetuall grin
That leades his corkie jests to make them sinke
Into the eares of his deriders with his owne applause.

Bra. Indeed, his jests are like *Indian* beefe, they will not
last, & yet he pounds them soundly with his own laughter.
Then there's the *Gotish French-man*, *Monsieur Iohn fo de*
King, know'st thou him?

Pla. Oh, I, to a haire, for I knew him when he had neuer
a haire on his head.

Bra. Hee is a faithfull pure Rogue.

Pla. I, I, as pure as the gold that hath beene seuen times
tryed in the fire.

Bra.

A pleasant Comedie

Bra. Then theres *John Ellis*, and profound tounge'd Master *Puffe*, hee that hath a perpetuittie of complement, hee whose phrases are as neatly deckt as my Lord Majors hensmen, hee whose throat squeakes like a treble Organ, and speakes as smal and shrill, as the Irish-men crie pip, fine pip.

And when his period comes not roundly off, takes stole of the tenth haire of his *Bourbon* locke: as thus. Sweet, sir, repute me as a (*Puffe*) selected spirit borne to bee the admirer, of your neuer enough admired (*Puffe*.)

Pla. Oh, we shall bee ouerwhelm'd with an inuodation of laughter. Come, where are they?

Bra. Here at this tauerne.

Pla. In, in, in, in, I long to burst my sides, and tyre my spleene with laughter.

Exeunt.

Enter two Pages, the one laughing, the other crying.

Page 1. Why do'st thou crie?

2. Why do'st thou laugh?

1. I laugh to see thee crie.

2. And I crie to see thee laugh.

Peace be to vs. Heres our Masters.

Enter Brabant, Signior, Planet, Brabant Junior, John Ellis, Master Puffe, and Monsieur John so de King.

Bra. Sig. You shall see his humour, I pray you bee familiar with this gentleman Master *Puffe*, hee is a man of a well growne spirit, richly worth your, I assure you, ha, ha, ha.

Puff. Sir I enrowle you in the Legend of my (*Puffe*) intimates, I shall bee infinitely proud, if you will deigne to value me worthie the imbracement of your (*Puffe*) better action.

Pla.

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Pla. Speake you from your thought, Sir?

Puffe. I, or would my lilke stocke should lose his glasse else, I shall triumph as much in the purchase of your (*Puffe*) loue, as if I had obtained the great *Elxer*. Let vs incorporate our affections I pray you: let mee be forward in your fauour.

Pla. Sir, I pray you let me beg you for a foole.

Puff. I affect no rudenesse, gentlemen, the heauens stand Propitions to your faire designs:

As soone as next the Sunne shall gin to shine,
I will salute the eyes of *Katherine*.

Bra. Sig. Of *Katherine*, Master *Planes*, obserue the next,
Master *Iohn*, what makes you so melancholy?

Ellis. I doe not vse to answere questions.

Bra. Iu. What are you thinking on now?

Ellis. I doe not vse to thinke.

Bra. Sig. Hee lookes as demurely, as if hee were asking his father blessing.

Ellis. I doe not vse to aske my father blessing.

Bra. Iu. 'Hart, how chance he is out of his similies?

Pla. I haue followed Ordinaries this twelue-moneth, onely to find a foole that had lands, or a fellow that would talke treason, that I might beg him. *Iohn*, be my Ward, *Iohn*, faith Ile giue thee two coates a yeere and be my foole.

Bra. Sig. Hee shall bee your foole, and you shall bee his Cox-combe. Ha, ha, I haue a simple wit, ha, ha.

Pla. I shall crow o're him then.

Enter Winifride.

Winif. Is there not one Master *Iohn Ellis* here?

Page. There sits the thing so call'd,

Winifride and Ellis talke.

Br. Sig. Now to the last course: *Monsieur Iohn de King*,

C

I will

A pleasant Comedie

I will helpe you to a wench *Monsieur*.

Moun. No point, a burne childe seere de fire.

Ellis. As a hungrie dog waiteth for a mutton bone, or as a tatter'd foot-boy for a cast sute, euen so will I attend on my Mistris.

Enter Winifride.

Moun. O my *Vinifride*, pree you awe, by gor, me ang de for her.

Bra. Sig. Nay, stay, stay, I will helpe you to a delicate plump-lipt-wench.

Moun. Toh, phi, phi, your proffer ware stinke: stay *Vinifride*, or by gor die, me die, me die by gor, me ang so desirous, adiew goot sir.

Bra. Sig. Oh, stay *Monsieur*, how doe you pronounce *Demurra*? Ha, ha, He plague him.

Moun. Grand Sot, my vench is gone, and me brule, and me brule, like one mad bule, me goe into de vater to coole my reine, ang my back made de vater hize againe, dus so brule, me burst vor a vench, and yet grand poc on you all, pree you adiew.

Ellis. As the figge is cal'd for when the Play is done, euen so let *Monsieur* goe.

Moun. He, me teach you much French vor dis, I goe to *Hygate*, adiew grand Sots.

Exit Monsieur.

Ellis. As fore cies cannot indure the Sunne, nor scab'd hands abide salt water, so must I leane all, and see my Mistris: and as faire Ladies doe vse foule foiles, euen so doe I bid you farewell.

Exit Ellis.

Bra. Sig. Why, this is sport Imperiall, by my Gentry, I would spend fortie Crownes, for such another feast of fooles. Ha, ha.

Bra. In. I wonder who would be the foole then?

Bra. Sig.

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Bra. Sig. Why, 'tis the recreation of my intellect, I think I speake as significant, ha, ha, these are my zanyes, I fill their paunches, they feed my pleasures, I vse them as my fooles faith, ha, ha.

Pla. 'Tis a generous honour.

Bra. Sig. Troth, I thinke you haue a good wit, ha? pray you sup with me, I loue good wits, because mine owne is not vnfortunate: pray you sup with me.

Pla. Ile giue God thankes, sir, that hath sent a foole to feed me.

Bra. Sig. Come along then, ye shall haue a Capon, a Tansie, and some kick-showes of my wits, ha, ha, some roies of my spirit.

Exit Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Pla. I will eate his meate, and spend's monie, that's all the spight I can doe him: but if I can get a Pattent for concealed Sots, that Daw shall troupe among my Ideots.

Exit.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter M. Puffe with his Page.

Puff. BOY, what's a clocke?

Page. Past three, and a faire morning.

Puff. Burnes not that light within the sacred shrine?
I meane the chamber of bright *Katherine*.

Page. I, should appeare by these presence, that it doth.

Puff. I wonder that the light is vp so soone.

Page. O, mistris Snuffe was wearie with sleeping in the socker, and therefore hath newly put on her stammell petticoate, and taken her pewter state, to giue light to things are in darknesse.

A pleasant Comedie

Puff. I see that women of grauitie and sweetnesse are
soone vp.

Page. And I know that women of leuitie and lightnesse,
are soone downe.

Puff. Boy cleere thy throte, and mount thy sweetest
notes,
Vpon the bosome of this sleeke cheekt aire:
That it may gently breathe them in the eare
Of my adored Mistris: Come begin.

The Song

Delicious beautie that doth lye
Wrapt in a skin of Iuorie,
Lye still, lye still vpon thy backe,
And fancie let no sweet dreames lacke
To tickle her, to tickle her with pleasing thoughts.
But if thy eyes are open full,
Then daine to view an honest gull,
That stands, that stands, expecting still
When that thy casement open will
And blesse his eyes, and blesse his eyes, with one kind glance.

The Casement opens, and Katherine appears.

Puff. All happinesse and vnconcern'd delight,
Waite on the loue of sweet fac'd Katherine.

Kathe. Good youth, Amen: I doe returne your wish
With ample interest of beatitude.

Puff. I doe protest, with ceremonious (puffe) lips
The purest blond of my affection,
Is euen fatally predestinate
To consecrate it selfe vnto your (puffe) loue.

Kath. Vnto my loue? Oh, sir, you bind me to you:

Faire

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Faire Gentleman, I haue a thankfull heart,
Tho not a glorious speech to sweet my thanks.

Puff. Reward my loue, then with your kinder loue.

Kath. With my loue, sir, I relish not your speech.

Puff. I with your loue, in pleasing marriage.

Kath. Alas, sir, cannot be my Loues a man,
Who hardly can requite the deare protests
Of kind affection, which you seeme to vow
Vnto his fortunes: kind youth, you did wish
All happinesse to wait vpon my loue:
Well he shall know it when we next doe meet,
And thanke you kindly: now good morrow sweet.

Puff. You take my, my, my meaning (*puffe.*)

Page. Nay, if he be puffing once, the fire of his wit is out.

Puff. Why, shee is gone. Hart did I rise for this?

Page. She cannot indure puffing. O, you puff her away!

Puff. Let's slinke along vnscene, 'tis yet scarce day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Mammon with Flawne, bearing a light
before Mammon.*

Flawne. Now, me thinkes I hold the candle to the Deuil.

Mam. Put out the light, the day begins to breake.

Flawne. Would the day and thy necke were broke together.

Mam. Oh, how the gowt and loue doe tire me!

Flawne. Why, sir, loue is nothing but the verie gowt.

Mam. As how *Flawne?* as how?

Flawne. Thus, sir: gowt and loue, both come with idleness, both incurable, both humorous, onely this difference: the gowt causeth a great tumour in a mans legs, and loue a great swelling in a womans belly.

Mam. VVhy, then O Lone, O Gowt, O gowtie Loue,
how thou tormentist old *Manson* : good morrow to the
sweet-lipt *Katherine*, eternall spring vnto thy beauties
loue.

Kath. Alas, good aged, fir, what make you vp?
In faith, I pittie you, good soule to bed,
Troth, soone youle crie, Oh God, my head, my head.

Mam. No, *Katherine*, the wrinkling print of Time
Err'd, when it seal'd my forehead vp with age :
I haue as warme an arme to entertaine
And hugge thy presence in a nuptiall bed,
As those that haue a cheeke more linely red :
And tho my voice be rude, yet *Flawne* can sing
Pearls of beautie, and of *Katherine*.
List to the Musicke that corrupts the gods,
Subverts euen destinie, and thus it rhogs.

The Song.

C Hunck, chunck, chunck, chunck, his bags doe ring

A merrie note with chuncks to sing :

Those that are farre more yong and wittie,

Are wide from singing such a Distie

As Chunck, chunck, chunck.

There's Chunck, that makes the Lawyer prate,

There's Chunck, that makes a foole of Fate :

There's Chunck, that if you will be his,

Shall make you line in all hearts blisse.

With Chunck, chunck, chunck.

Kat. 'Tis wel sung, good old man, hence with your gold,
Leaue the greene fields 'tis dewie, youle take cold.

Mam. The casements shut, well, here Ile lurke and stay,
To see who beares the glorie of the day.

Hence,

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Hence, hence, to *London*, *Flawne* let me alone.

Flawne. I can hardly leave him alone, for the Deuill and double Duckats still associate him, but I am gone. *Exit.*

Enter Pasquill.

Pas. The glooming morne with shining armes hath chaste
The siluer Ensigne of the grimme-cheekt night,
And forc'd the sacred troupes of sparkling stars
Into their priuate Tents, yet calme-husht sleepe
Strikes dumbe the snoring world: yet frolicke youth
That's lately matcht vnto a wel shapte Lasse,
Clips his sweet Mistris, with a pleasing arme,
Whil'st the great power of Imperious Loue
Summons my dutie to salute the shine
Of my Loues beauties. Vnequall *Katherine*,
I bring no Musicke, to prepare thy thoughts
To entertaine an amorous discourse:
More Musick's in thy name, and sweet dispose,
Then in *Apollus* Lyre, or *Orpheus* Close.
I'll chaunt thy name, and so inchaunt each care,
That *Katherines* happie name shall heare.
My *Katherine*, my life, my *Katherine*.

Kath. My *Ned*, my *Pasquil*, sweet, I come, I come,
Euen with like swiftnesse, tho not with like heart:
As the fierce Fawlecon stoupes to rising fowle
I hurrie to thee: doe not goe away,
The place is priuate, and 'tis yet scarce day.

Pas. Oh, these kind words imparadize my thoughts.

Ma. Ha, ha, young *Pasquil*, hane I found you out?
Ist you must bore my nose? I'll bore your heart:
Why, this same boy's as bare as naked truth.
A low-eb'd gallant, yet sheele match with him:

Ile

A pleasant Comedie

He match him, if his skinne be ponyard proofe:
He may scape the force of gold and murder, if not,
As you returne, sir, I will pepper you. *Exit.*

Enter Katherine to Pasquill.

And art thou come deere heart, first see be this,
This kind embrace, and next this modest kisse.

Pas. This is no kisse, but an *ambrosian* bowle,
The *Nectar* dew of thy delicious sowle:
Let me sucke one kisse more, and with a nimble lip,
Nibble vpon those *Rosie* bankes, more soft and cleere
Then is the jewell'd tip of *Venus* eare.
Oh, how a kisse inflames a louers thought,
With such a fewell let me burne and dye,
And like to *Heracles* so mount the skie.

Kath. Come, you grow wanton, Oh, you bite my lip,

Pas. In faith you jest, I did but softly lip
The *Roseall* juice of your reuiuing breath:
Let clumisie judgements, chilblain'd gowtie wits
Bung vp their chiefe content within the hoopes
Of a stuffe drie-Fatt: and repose their hopes
Of happinesse, and hearts tranquillitie,
Vpon increase of durt: but let me liue
Clipt in the cincture of a faithfull arme,
Luld in contented joy, being made diuine,
With the most precious loue of *Katherine*.

Kath. Let the vnsanctified spirit of ambition
Entice the choice of muddie-minded dames
To yoke themselves to swine, and for vaine hope
Of gay rich trappings, be still spurd and prickt
With pining discontent for nuptiall sweets.
But let me lue lou'd in my husbands eyes.

Whose

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Whose thoughts with mine, may sweetly sympathize.

Pas. The heavens shall melt, the sun shall cease to shine,
Before I leave the love of *Katherine*.

Kath. Nay, when heavens melted, & the sun strook dead,
Euen then my love shall not be vanquished.

Pasq. When I turne sickle, vertue shall be vice.

Kath. When I proue false, Hell shall be Paradise.

Pasq. My life shall be maintain'd by thy kinde breath.

Kath. Thy love shall be my life, thy hate my death.

Pasq. Oh, when I die let me embrace thy waste.

Kath. In death let me be counted thine and chaste.

Pasq. Heavens graunt, being dead, my soule may liue
nie thee.

Kath. One kisse shall giue thee mine eternally.

Pasq. In faire exchange vouchsafe my heart to take.

Kath. With all my mind, weare this, *Ned*, for my sake.

But now no more, bright day malings our love,

Farewell, yet stay, but 'tis no matter too,

My father knowes I thinke, what must ensue.

Adieu, yet harken, nay faith, adieu, adieu.

Pasq. Peace to thy passions, till next interview. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mammon, and Monsieur Iohn for the King.

Mam. Now *Monsieur*, be but confident and hold,
There is the price of bloud, this way he comes,
Strike home bold arme, and thou shalt want no crownes.

Moun. Feare you noting, when he is die, me bring you
word. *Exit Mammon.*

Hee, by gor braue crowne, braue monney,
Mee haue here a parent to take vp, one, two, treescore
Vench: fine crowne, fine vench, vnreasonably fine,
Dismonney is my baude. Mee send a French crowne

A pleasant Comedie

To fetch a fine vench, de French crowne fetch de
Fine vench, de fine vench take de French crowne,
And giue me de French poc. He excellent, you see
Mee kill a man, you see mee hang like de *Burgullian*,
Hee no poine: Hee by Gor, mee haue much vitt,
Ang me much bald, and me ang much bald wit,
Here come de Gentleman metre *Pasquil*.

Enter Pasquil.

Pasquil. Is't possible, that sisters should so thwart
In natue humours? one's as kind and faire,
As constant, vertuous, and as debonaire,
As is the heart of goodnesse: the other, proud,
Inconstant, fantasticke, and as vaine in loues,
As trauellers in lyes: blest *Katherine*,
Camelia's not thy sister, if shee bee,
Shee's bastard to the sweets that shine in thee.

Moun. Boniour Metre *Pasquil*, *sance left*, mee am hired to
kill you, *Monsieur Mamon*, *Meſſier*: Iouuck, iouuck, giue
mee money to stab you, but mee know there is a God that
hate bloud, derfore, me no kill, me know dere is a vench,
that loue Crowne, derfore me keepe de money.

Pasq. Vnballowed villaine, that with gold and bloud,
Thinks that almightie loue can be withstood.
Hold, *Monsieur*, there are more Crownes, onely doe this,
returne to *Mamon*, tell him the deede is done, and bring
him hither, that hee may vainely triumph in my bloud, I
haue some painting, which I found by chaunce, in loose *Ca-*
melias chamber, with that I'll staine my brest, goe and re-
turne with speed.

Moun. He, by gor I smell a rat, me flie, me flie, by gor.

Exit Monsieur.

Pasq.

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Pasq. Lewd miscreant, that through the throat of hell,
Wouldst mount to heaven, and enjoy loue,
Invaluably precious: no, rancke churle,
Thou wast not made to flauer her faire lips
With thy dead rewmy chops, nor clip her waste
With thy shrunk bloudlesse arme, I heare him come.
Now *Pasquil*, faigne, ô thou eternall light,
Mourne, that thy creatures should in bloud delight.

He lies downe, and faines himselfe dead.

Enter Mamon, and Mounseur.

Mam. Now, smug-fac'd boy, now nibble on her lips,
Now sippe the dew of her delicious breath.
Stinke, rot, damne, bake in thy cluttered bloud,
Snakes, Toades, and Earwigs, make thy skull their nest,
Ingendring dew-wormes, cling ore-thwart thy brest.

Moun. Hush, hush, leaue praying for dead, 'tis no good
Caluianisme, Puritanisme. Dissemble, here are company.

Exit Moun.

Enter Brab. Sig. and Planet.

Brab. Sig. Good morrow, sir, who lies there mured?

Mam. Oh Gentlemen, the kindest vertuous youth
That e're adorned *London*. Damned theeues
To spoile such hopes: the last words that he spake,
Sticks still within the hollow of mine eare.
Katherine, quoth he, hold *M. Mamon* deare,
I know not what he meant, but so he said.
If that you passe to *Hygate*, tell the Knight,
Pasquil is sunke into eternall night.

Plan. Faith, 'twas a good youth, come *Brabant*, come
away.

Exeunt Brabant and Planet.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. Dead Kate, dead Kate, dead is the boy,
That kept rich *Mamon* from his joy.

Mamon sings, Lullara, &c. Pasquil riseth, and
strikes him.

Mam. Oh, the Deuill, the ghost of *Pasquil*, I am dead,
if you haue any curresie in you, beleene it. I beleeu'd you
when you faign'd, beleene me now, for I am almost dead,
numb'd up with feare, giue faith sweet gentle youth.

Pasq. Old wretch, amend thy thoughts, purge, purge,
repent,

Ile hide thy vicer, be but penitent. *Exit.*

Mam. Ha, I thinke 'twas but his ghost that swept along.

Enter Monsieur singing.

Grand set Mamon, &c. phy, phy, phy, a fouts a pair was chunck,
chunck. John so de King, teach you a ding, John so de King,
grand set, set, set. *Exit Monsieur.*

Mam. Death, plague, and hel, how is curst *Adamon* vext?
Scourg'd with the whip of sharpe derision:
Ile home, and starue, this crosse, this peeuish hap,
Strikes dead my spirits like a thunder-clap. *Exit Mamon.*

Enter Brabant Junior, and Planes.

Brab. Gods precions, I forgot to bring my Page,
To breathe some Dittie in my Mistris eare.

Plan. Wouldst haue a Ballet to salute her with?

Brab. No, but a song. How wouldst thou court thy
Mistris?

Plan. Why, with the World, the Flesh, and the Deuill.

Brab. Right dog, well thoult swear, that I am blest
Beyond infinitie of happinesse,
When thou beholdest admired *Camelia*.

Plan. And God would blesse mee with three such Mi-
stresses,

stresses, I would giue two of them to the Deuill, that hee would take the third.

Brab. Oh, when shee clips, and chings about my necke, And sucks my soule forth with a melting kisse.

Plan. Doth thee vie thee so kindly then, hm?

Brab. O, I, and calls me deare, deare *Brabant*, and (ô Iesu God.)

I cannot expresse her sweets of entertaine, Shee'le so insinuate with chaste amorous speech, And play the wanton with such prettie grace, And vowes loue to me: Oh, I'le make thee mad To see how gracious *Brabant's* in her eye.

Here is her window, marke but when I call, How swift shee comes, and with what kind salutes Shee welcomes me. What, ho *Camelia*?

Faith youle be tane vp, what in bed so late?

Winifride looks from above.

Plan. And you take her vp *Brabant*, shee take you down

Brab. Hatt they heare noe: My *Camelia*, wake!

Wini. What harsh vnciuill tongue keeps such a coyle?

Brab. *Winifride*, 'tis I. Tell my sweet *Duck* I am here, Now marke *Ned Planet*, now obserue her well.

Wini. Shee wonders at your rudenesse, that intrudes Vpon the quiet of her mornings rest, And shee's amaz'd, that with such impudence You dare presume to intimate some loue to her, As if shee knew you more then for a youth, A yonger brother, and a stipendarie.

Enter Iohn Ellis.

Plan. Now marke, *Ned Planet*, now obserue her kindnes, Good morrow, *Mr. Iohn*.

Ellis. As the Countrey maid crieth to her Cow to milke

A pleasant Comedie

her, or as the Trauailer knocketh with his Hostesse for a reckning, euen so doe I call to thee, O Mistris.

Camelia from her window.

Came. Sweet *John*, my loue, here's thy *Camelia*:
Hold, weare this fauour, with this kisse vpon it.

Brab. Flesh and bloud cannot beare such disgrace.

Brabant beates Ellis.

Ellis. Helpe, helpe, helpe, helpe, hee boxes mee that hee doth. Helpe, helpe.

Enter Sir Edward, Katherine, Drum, and Twedle.

Sir Ed. What outrage haue we here so early vp?
Sir, you doe wrong the quiet of my house.

Enter Camelia.

Ifaith you doe, and 'tis but rudely done,
Goe too, 'tis not. Is this a place to brawle?

Plaw. And please thee, knight, Ile tell thee faith & troth.

Cam. What, did he strike thee, sweet?

Ellis. I, in good deed law, and a my conscience, I thinke
he hath made my nose bleed.

Cam. And would not you draw your weapon out, and
to it lustily, as long as you could stand?

Ellis. I doe not vse to draw.

Cam. Did he giue thee a boxe on the eare, and wouldst
thou take it?

Ellis. And he be such a foole to giue it me, why should
not I be so wise as to take it?

Cam. Pure honestie, kinde Ducke, kisse me, sweet *John*.

Brab. In. Hart, *Sir Edward*, will you suffer this?

Now on my life, shee is enamour'd on the fooles bable.

Sir Ed. Goe too, sir boy, forbear, you wrong my loue,
And you forget your selfe to vse such iests,

Such

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Such nastie ribauldrie vpon my daughter:
I tell you *M. Brabant*, doth shee loue
Any that meriteth the name of man?

Bra. Ju. Why, he's no man, but a very

Sir Ed. Wel, wel, no more; my house, my selfe, my loue,
Opens their hearts with liberall imbrace,
To entertaine your presence: I, or any mans,
So they'le be ciuill, modest, not prophane,
Not like to those that make it their chiefe grace,
To be quite graceles.

Plan. Well said, honest Knight,
We haue had blood enough to day alreadie:
Ned Pasquil's slaine by bloudie murdering Rogues.

Sir Ed. Speake softly, God forbid, my daughter heares,
Tell me the circumstance, I pray you, Sir.

Kath. Eternall death vnto my happinesse,
My *Pasquil* slaine? Oh God, oh God, oh God.

Exit Katherine, tearing her haire.

Plan. I, and I thinke the Vsurer made a Tent
Euen of his nose, it was so red and neere.

Sir Ed. God for his mercy, what mischance is here?
A good youth, a vertuous modest youth,
I saith, he was. And I can tell you, sir,
My daughter *Katherine*, where is shee now?
Whither's shee gone? *Drum*, call her hither strait.

Drum. Your *Drum* will sound a call, sir, presently.

Exit Drum.

Sir Ed. And as I told you, sir, my daughter *Katherine*
Affected him right dearly: by my peace of soule,
If he had liu'd, I could haue heartily wisht
He had beene my sonne-in-law, I saith I could:
But see the will of God. How now, *Drum*,
Where's my daughter?

Drum

A pleasant Comedie

Drum. Sir, shee is either insensible, or deafe, for I can neither see her, nor shee heare me.

Sir Ed. Body of mee, my heart misgives me now,
Looke, call, search, run all about.
My daughter gone? Goe all and search her out.
Here's *Pasquil*, ha? Is this the man that's dead?

Enter Pasquil.

Pasq. Let me intreat this fauour, doe not search
Or be inquisitiue why I faim'de:
Repute me worthy your better censure; and thus thinke
My cause was vrgent, the rest lye buried.

S. Ed. Well, I would you had nor faunde.

Pasq. Why, would you haue had me dead indeede:

S. Ed. Oh no, but I haue lost my child I feare,
By your strange sayning, shee no sooner heard
The tydings of your death, but gone shee was,
And God knowes whither. Ha? what newes now?

Enter Drum.

Drum. 'Tis easier to finde wit in Ballating, honestie in
Brokers, Virginitie in *Shordich*, then to heare of my Mistress.

S. Ed. Broch me a fresh butt of *Canary* sacke,
Let's sing, drinke, sleepe, for that's the best reliefe:
To drowne all care, and ouer-whelme all griefe.
Powre wine, sound musicke, let our blouds not freeze.
Drinke Dutch like gallants, let's drinke vspey freeze.

Exeunt S^r Edward, Planet, Brabant, Drum and Tuedle.

Came. Seruant, youle goe in too, and stay dinner?

Ellis. I, in truth, for as the itch is augmented
By scratching, so is my lone by seeing my Mistress.

Exeunt Camelia and Ellis.

Pasq. How's this, how's this, My *Katherine* gone hence?
Senses awake, and thou amazed soule

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Vnwinde thy selfe from out the Labyrinth
Of gaping wonder, and astonishment.
My *Katherine* departed? how? which way?
Foolc, foolc, stand not debating, but pursue
Haste to her comfort, for from thee doth spring
(Wretch that thou art) her cause of sorrowing. *Exit*

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter a Page, solus.

Page. **H**A, ha, ha, tipple, tipple, tipple, all turn'd whirlegig,
John fo de King, Drum, and Timothy Twedle, are rare
fine, ha, for the heavens, Haith: *Drums* Lyon drunke, and
hee dings the pots about, cracks the glasse, swaggers with
his owne shaddow. Honest *Tymothy*, is *Monsieur* drunke,
and he weepes for kindnesse, and kisses the hilts of *Jacks*
Drums dagger. *Monsieur's* Goat drunke, and he shrugs, and
skrubs, and hee's it for a wench. Here they come reeling, I
must packe, or wee shall swagger, for they hauing a cracke
in their heads, and I a fault in my hands, wee shall ne're
agree. *Exit.*

Enter Drum, Monsieur, and Twedle.

Drum. A serraing-man, quoth you? Hart, and if I serue
any that's flesh and bloud, would I might ne're taste my li-
quor more: stand bare whilst he makes water, out vpon't,
Ile to *Ireland*, and there Ile Tan, ran, ty, ry, dan; Sa, sa, sa,
sa: Nay, 'tis the onely life.

Tmed. Nay, good Thewte hart, good kind *Jacks*, stay, if
you would loue me, as I loue you, wee would liue and die
together: and please God, would I were dead, and you
are gone. And here's *M. John fo de King*, a very honest
man, too.

E

Drum.

A pleasant Comedie

Drum. I, I, hee's a very good honest man: for there's not a haire betwixt him and heauen.

Twed. Heele liue with vs now, and teach vs French.

Moun. I, by my trott, ang you helpe me to a vench now, me teach you French, fīue towland, towland yeere, O, your secke is hote, and make me brule, and brule, and burne, for a (*hee*) by gor your secke is hote.

Enter Winifride.

Drum. Welcome, *Bassileo*, thou wilt carrie leuell, and knock ones braines out with thy pricking wir. Kisse mee, sweet wench, kisse me.

Moun. Hee my *Vinifride*, by gor you are come, in te verie nick to pleasure mee, pree you kisse mee, clip mee, loue me, onby gor me ang die certaine.

Drum. Out, you French dogge, touch my Loue, and I'll ———

Moun. Touch her, by gor me touch her, and touch her, and touch her.

Drum. I'll touch you, I'll flash you, I'll vench yee.

Wini. Put vp, put vp, for the passion of God, put vp, or if youle needs too it, sheathe both your weapons in me first.

Drum. Hart, touch my loue, touch my *Winifride*?

Wini. Harke you, *Iack*, come to my chamber an houre hence, and you shall haue what you will aske, and I can graunt.

Drum. Why, then my choller's downe. *Iohn so de King.*
Fontra for you.

Exit Drum.

Moun. Fontra for mee, futtra, futtra, futtra, fīue towland futtra's for you.

Twed. Stay friend, *Iacke*, I'll reele along with you, if youle not swagger.

Exit Twedle.

Wini.

of PASQVIL and KATHERINE.

Winif. Sweet, sweet *Monsieur*, hang yon slaues, I loue you infinitely.

Moun. By gor, mee teach you French foure towland yeere dan.

Winif. Well, *Mounseieur*, I'll giue you pleasure.

Moun. But will you presently? quickly, for by gor me am a hot shot.

Winif. I, so they say, I heard you were vnder the *Torred zone* last day.

Moun. Pish, 'tis no matter, me am like a Tabacco pipe, de more me am burne, de cleaner me am.

Winif. Well then, two houres hence come to my chamber, and *Timothy Twedle* shall giue you me in a sacke.

Moun. In a sacke? Ha, very well.

Winif. And you shall carrie mee to my Masters house at *Holloway*, for in the house wee cannot be priuate without suspect. Till then, farewell.

Exit Winifride.

Moun. By my trot vnreasonably good, I carrie de vench on my backe, and de vench carrie mee on her (hee) fine backe, fine vench, fine *Mounseieur*, fine, fine, fine Knight, all fine, vnreasonably fine, mee sing vor ioy; by gor mee sing la, liro, liro, la, lilo.

Exit.

Enter Brabant Signior, Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra. Sig. Gentlemen, as e're you lou'd wench, obserue *M. Puffe*, and me.

Bra. Iun. What shall we obserue you for?

Bra. Sig. Oh, for our complement.

Planet. Complement, what's that?

Bra. Sig. Complement, is as much as (what call you it) 'tis deriued of the Greeke word, a pox on't.

A pleasant Comedie

Plan. Complement, is as much as what call you it, 'tis deriued of the Greeke word, a pox on't.

Enter Puffe.

Bra. Sig. You shall see *M. Puffe* and mee tosse it, Ifaith, marke with what grace I encounter him.

Plan. Hart, thy brother's like the instrument the Merchants sent ouer to the great *Turke*: you need not play vpon him, hee'le make musicke of himselfe, and hee bee once set going.

Bra. Sig. *M. Puffe*, I long to doe faire seruice to your loue.

Puffe. Most accomplisht wit, exquisitely accoutred, (*Puffe*) Iudgement, I could with my abilitie worthy your seruice, and my seruice worthy your abilitie.

Plan. By the Lord fustian, now I vnderstand it: complement is as much as fustian.

Bra. Sig. I protest, your abilities are infinite, your perfections matchlesse, your matchlesse perfection infinite in abilitie, and your infinite abilitie, matchlesse in perfection.

Plan. Good againe, reioyce *Brabant*, thy brother will not liue long, he talkes idlyle alreadie.

Puffe. Delicious spirit, disparage not your courtesie, stand not bare to him that was borne to honor you.

Bra. Sig. Let vs presse our haire then, with an vniforme consent.

Puffe. The pressure of my haire, or the puncture of my heart, stands at the seruice of your sollide perfections: my life is bound to your loue, your loue being my life, tho my life bee not worthy your loue, your perfection is the center, to which all the paralels of my affection are drawne:
your

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

your loue my life; your perfection my affection, being—

Plan. Your Ass, my Foole.

Puffe. Being chain'd by the mightie copler of ineuitable destiny, who seeth the Summe, but hee must adore it: who seeth beautie, but hee must honour it: who vieweth gold, but he must couet it: then (ô then) who can behold your sun-like beauteous golden beanties, but he must more then adore, much more then honour, and most infinitely loue to be out, out, out.

Bra. In. Out, he is indeed.

Plan. He's at a stand, like a resty Iade, or a Fidler, when he hath crackt his Minikin.

Puffe. Outragiously addicted to the worthy pursuit of such matchlesse worth.

Bra. Sig. Sir, I can rest but truely thankfull, for your more then good conceit of my no lesse then little worth. And now, sir, for the consequent houres of the day, how stands your intention for imployment?

Puffe. I ha' tane my leaue of *Sir Edward*, bid adieu to loue, my Mistris is gone, my humour is spent, my ioyes are at an end, and therefore Gentlemen, I leaue loue, and fall to the (*puffe*) Law, I will interre my selfe in *Ploydens* coffin, and take an eternall *Conge* of the world. And so sweet gallants, farewell.

Exit.

Bra. Sig. Nay, I'll follow you to your graue. Gentlemen, youle not accompanie the coarſe?

Exit.

Plan. No, no, looke, *Ned Brabant*, yon's a pleasing object for thy eyes.

Enter Camelia, Ellis, and Winifride.

Bra. In. My Mistris is turn'd *Encephalus*, nobody must ride

A pleasant Comedie

ride her but *Alexander*: no bodie kisse her, but *Iohn Ellis*.
Now stand and list, good *Planet*.

Cam. Come sweetest loue, let's giue time pleasing wing,
What shall we make, some purposes, or sing?

Ellis. I will sing, so you will beare my burthen.

Cam. Come, lay thy head then in my Virgin lap,
And with a soft sleeke hand I'll clap thy cheeke,
And wring thy fingers with an ardent gripe:
I'll breathe amours, and euen in trance thy spirit,
And sweetly in the shade lie dallying.

The Song.

Now dally, sport, and play, This merry month of May,
This is the merry, merry month, Sweet time for dallying:
The Birds sit chirping, chirping, The Doves sit billing, billing,
Philip is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading.
All are to pleasures willing.

Thou that are faire and wittie, Obserue this easie Dittie,
And leaue not Natures, Natures blisse; Doe not refuse to kisse.
The Birds sit chirping, chirping, The Doves sit billing, billing,
Philip is treading, is treading, &c.

Bra. Iun. Death, I can holder: Life of loue
Amazing beautie, let not me seeme rude,
Tho thus I seeme to square with modestie.

Ellis. Pray you let me goe, for hee'll begin to square,
And euen as some doe weare Muffes for warmth, some for
wantonnesse, some for pride, some for neither, but to hide
gowtie fingers, so will I get your Fathers consent, and mar-
rie you. Fare you well.

Exit.

Cam. Sir, it were good you got a benefice,
Some Evenuch'd Vicaridge, or some Fellowship,
To prop vp your weake younger brothership.

Match

Match with your equalls, dare not to aspire
My seate of loue, I wisse, Sir, I looke higher.

Bra. Inn. Astonishment of Nature, be not proud
Of *Fortunes* bounties: *Brabant* is a man,
Tho not so clog'd with dirt as others are:
I doe confesse my younger brother ship;
Yet therein lay no such disparagement
As your high scorne imputes vnto my worth.
Coach-lades, and Dogs, are coupled still together;
Only for outward likenesse, growth and strength,
But the bright modell of eternitie,
Are ioyn'd together for affection,
Which in the soule is form'd. Oh, let this moue,
Loue should make marriage, and not marriage Loue.

Pla. Woo her no more, *Brabant*, thou'lt make her proud,
You *Dutch* Ancient, why should you looke higher?
His birth's as good as yours, and so's his face:
Put off your Iengle-Iangles, and be not as faire,
He shall renounce it, for this Audience,
Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbery* cheefe,
Nothing but paring: why should you be proud,
And looke on none but Weather-cocks, forsooth?
O, you shall haue a thousand pound a yeere!
Bar Ladie that's a bumming sound. But harke,
Wilt therefore be a slaue, vnto a slaue,
One that's a bound Rogue vnto Ignorance?
Well, thou'lt serue to make him gellide broaths,
And scratch his head, and may be, now and then
Heele slauer thee a kisse. Plague on such marriages.

Cam. Rude vnciuill Clowne.

Pla. Tut, raile not at me, turn your eie vpon the leprosse
of your owne iudgement, lothe it, hate it, scorne it, and loue
this

this yong Gentleman, who is a Foole in nothing, but in lo-
uing thee: mad in nothing, but affecting thee: and curst in
eternitie, if he marry thee.

Cam. Sir, you ha' spoke exceeding pleasingly,
For which I loue you, as I loue a dull dead eye.
Brabans, I doe conuise thee, court not me,
Doe not presume to loue or fancie me.

Bra. In. How, nor presume to loue or fancie you?
Hart, I will loue you, by this light I will,
Whether you will or no, Ile loue you still.
Spight of your teeth I will your loue pursue,
I will by heauen, and so, sweet soule adieu. *Exit Bra. Two.*

Cam. Farewell, & neuer view my face againe. *Exit Cam.*

Plan. Harke you, faire *Winifride*, sweet gentle maid.
I haue but fained with you all this while,
I dote vpon the sweet *Camelia*,
And if your fauour will but second me,
I vow, when I shall wed *Camelia*,
To indow you with a hundred pound a yeere,
And what I haue shall stand at your command.

Win. Sir, I will vndertake to forward your faire loue,
So you'll remember what you here doe vow.

Plan. If I forget it, heauen forget me:
Doe you but praise me, let not her once know
I loue, or doe affect her for the world.

Win. Well, feare no rubs, farewell, faire bounteous sir.

Exit Winifride.

Plan. It workes, it workes, magnificent delight,
Laughter, triumph, for ere the Sunne goe downe,
Thy forehead shall be wreath'd with pleasures crowne.

Exit Planet.

Enter

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Enter Pasquil at one doore, and his Page at the other.

Pas. Now my kind Page, canst thou not heare, nor see,
Which way my *Katherine* hath bent her steps?

Page. Sir, I can.

Pas. What, canst thou, my sweet Page?
What, canst thou boy?

Oh how my soule doth burne in longing hope,
And hangs vpon thy lips for pleasing newes!

Page. Sir, I can tell ye.

Pas. What? O! how my heart doth quake and throb
with feare.

Page. Sir, I can tell you nothing of her in good faith.

Pas. Oh, thou hast tortur'd me with lingring hope,
Goe haste away, flie from the pestilence
Of my contagious griefe, it will infect thee, boy,
Murder thy youth, and poison thy lifes ioy.
Runne search out *Katherine*, in her eies dwell
Heauens of joy: but in *Pasquil* hell.

Oh thou omnipotent, infinitie,
Cracke not the sinewes of my patience
With racking torment: insift not thus to scourge

My tender youth with sharpe affliction:

If I doe loue that glorie of thy hand,

That rich *Idea* of perfection,

With any lustfull or prophane intent,

Croft be my loue, mured be all my hopes:

But if with chaste and vertuous arme I clip

The rarest modell of thy workmanship,

Be then propitious, O eternall light,

And blesse my fortunes, maugre hellish spight.

Enter Katherine in a petticoate.

Kat. Blacke sorrow, nurse of plaints, of teares and groines,

A pleasant Comedie

Euaporate my spirit with a sigh,
That it may hurrie after his sweet breath,
Who made thee dote on life, now hunt for death.

Paſ. What soule is that, that with her teare-full eies
Seemes to lament with me in miseries?

Kath. Here seemes to be the preſſure of his truncke,
Deare earth confirme my doubt, was this the place
Which the faire bodie of my *Pasquil* preſt,
When he lay muredred? See, the drooping graſſe
Hangs downe his mourning head, and seemes to ſay,
This was the fatall place, where *Pasquil* lay.

Oh, thou ſweet print, ſtampt by the faireſt limbes,
The richeſt Coffin of the pureſt ſoule

That euer preſt the boſome of the earth,
Firſt, drinke my teares, and next ſucke vp my bloud.

Now thou immortal ſpirit of my Loue,
Thou precious ſoule of *Pasquil*, view this Knife
Which once thou gaueſt me, and prepare thy arme
To clip the ſpirit of thy conſtant Loue.

I ſwear *Ned*, I come, by death I will be thine,
Since life denies it to poore *Katherine*.

She offers to ſtabbe her ſelfe.

Paſ. Hold, hold, thou miracle of conſtancie,
Firſt, let heauen periſh, and the craz'd world runne
Into firſt *Chaos* of conſuſion,
Before ſuch cruell violence be done

To heir faire breſt, whoſe fame by vertue wonne,
Shall honour women, whil'ſt there ſhines a ſunne.

Kath. Thrice ſacred ſpirit, why do'ſt thou forſake
Elizium pleaſures, to withhold the arme
Of wretched *Katherine*? Oh let me die,
Retire ſweet Ghost, doe not pollute thy hand

With

With touch of mortals.

Pas. Amazement of thy Sex, *Pasquil* doth liue,
And liues to loue thee in eternitie.

Be not agast, recouer spirit, (Sweet)

'Tis *Pasquil* speakes, 'tis *Pasquil* clips thy waste,

'Tis *Pasquil* prints a kisse on thy faire hand

Kath. What doe I dreame? or haue I drawne the fluce
Of life vp? and thorow streames of bloud

Vnfelt, haue set my prisoned soule at large?

Am I in heauen? or in *Pasquils* Armes?

I am in heauen, for my *Neds* imbrace

Is *Katherines* long wish'd celestiaall place.

Pas. Diuinitie of sweetnesse, I protest,

If these inferior Orbs were rowled vp,

And the Imperiaall heauen bar'd to my view,

'Twere not so gracious, nor so much desir'd,

As my deare *Katherine* is to *Pasquils* sight.

Kath. Heauen of Content, *Paphos* of my delight:

Pas. Mirrour of Constancie, life-bloud of loue.

Kath. Center to whom all my affections moue.

Pas. Renowne of Virgins, whose fame shall ne're fleet.

Kath. Oh, I am maz'd with ioy, I pree thee sweet,
Vnfold to me, what sad mischance it was,

Forc'd thy deaths rumour, and such woes disper'd

Sad sorrow past, delights to be rehearsed.

Pas. It will be tedious, but in brieft thinke thus,

Old *Mamons* malice was the venomb'd some,

That poisoned all the sweets of our content.

Kath. Alas, deare heart, that loue should be so crost.

Now good *Ned* fetch my gowne, 'tis at yon house,

I would be loth to turne to *Hygate* thus.

Pas. I am oblig'd with infinite respect, to doe you ser-
uice.

A pleasant Comedie

Oh power diuine, was euer such a loue as *Katherine*?

Ent. M. Look *Mamon*, search *Mamon*, this way she went,
Put on thy spectacles, this way she went:
Blest, blest, blest, be thy natiuitie,
Yonder she sits, I'll either haue her now,
Or none shall e're enioy her with content.

Kath. How loue's impatient! when will *Ned* returne?

Ma. Tut, 'tis no matter when, look where thy *Mamon* is.

Kath. Good Deuill, for Gods sake do not vex my sight:
Did'st not thou plot the death of my deare Loue?

Ma. Yes, yes, and would complot ten thousand deaths,
Euen damne my soule, for beauteous *Katherine*.
My ship shall kemb the Oceans curled backe
To furnish thee with braue Abiliaments,
Rucks of rich Pearle, and sparkling Diamonds;
Shall fringe thy garments with Imbroadie:
Thy head shall blaze as bright with Orient stone,
As did the world being burnt by *Phaeton*.

Kath. You make me death, for pitties sake forbear:
Oh, when will *Pasquil* come? Good sir, depart.
When wilt returne? I pray you sir, goe hence,
And troth, I will not hate you: nay, I'll speake
Against my heart and say, I lothe you not.
You vex my patience, gentle sir, forbear,
I begge it on my knee, and with a teare.

Mam. Tut, will you loue me, and detest yon boy?

Kath. Heauen detest me first, and lothe my soule.

Mam. Is it your finall resolution?

Kath. God knowes it is. So good sir, rest content.

Mam. I, I will rest, and thou shalt rest thus blur'd,
Thus poison'd; venom'd with this oile of Toades:
If *Mamon* cannot get thee, none shall joy

Which

Which he could not enjoy. I feare no Law,
Gold in the firmeſt conſcience makes a flaw.
Not like to *Helen*, *Spittle* hence, adiew,
Let *Pasquil* boalt in your next interuiw.

Kath. Be pittifull, and kill me, gentle ſir.
Heauen, my heart is crackt with miſerie:
Where ſhall I hide me? which way ſhall I clenſe
The eating poiſon of this venom'd oile?
Poore wretch (alas) ſee where thy *Pasquil* comes.

Pas. Here Loue, put on your gowne. How now? good
God,
Heauen giue me patience: who hath vs'd thee thus?

Kath. The Deuill in the ſhape of *Mamon*. Sweet,
Touch me not. *Pasquil*, I conjure thee now
By all the power of affection,
By that ſtrickt bond of loue that linkes our hearts,
Leaue and abandon me eternally.
I merit now no loue, yet prethee ſweet,
Vouchſafe to giue me leaue to loue thee ſtill.
But I doe binde thee by thy ſacred vow
Of our once happie, and thrice bleſſed loue,
Follow not *Katherine*: good *Ned*, doe not grieve,
In time juſt heauen may our woes releue.

Exit Katherine.

Pas. furens. O diua fata, ſana, miſeranda, horrida,
Quis hic Locus? qua Regio? qua Mundi plaga?
Vbi ſum? Katherine, Katherine, Eheu Katherine.

Enter Mamon.

Mam. My ſpectacles will betraye me, looke
Mamon, ſearch *Mamon*, hereabouts they ſell.

Pas. Welcome *Erra Pater*, you that make *Prognosti-*
cations for euer. Where's you *Almanacke*?

A pleasant Comedie

Puls his Indentures out of Mamms bosome.

Mam. Lord blesse my Obligations, Lord blesse my bonds, Lord blesse my Obligations. Alas, alas, alas.

Paf. Let me see sir now, when will true valour be at the full? Oh, there's an opposition, 'tis eclipsed, *Venus*, I *Venus* is mounted. Where's the Goat now? Kem'b'd, fine kem'd. Oh, heere are Dogge daies, out vpon't, Dogge daies, Dog daies, Dogge daies, out-vpon't.

He teares the papers.

Mam. Alas, my Obligations, my Bonds, my Obligations, my Bonds. Alas, alas, alas.

Paf. Katherina, Katherina, Ehen Katherina.

Exit Pasquil.

Mam. Obligations, Obligations: Alas, my Obligations, I am vndone, vndone, vndone.

Enter Flawne.

Flawne. Sir, sir, sir.

Mam. What sir you for, you Dogge, you Hound, you Cruft, what's best newes with you now? Out-alas my Obligations, my Bonds, I am vndone, vndone.

Flawne. Sir, the best newes is, your ship (the Hope-well) hath hapt ill, returning from *Barbarie*. 'Tis but sunke, or so, not a scrap of goods saude.

Mam. Villaines, Rogues, Iewes, Turkes, Infidels, my rose will rot off with griefe. O the Gowt, the Gowt, the Gowt, I shall runne mad, runne mad, runne mad.

Flawne. Amen, amen, amen. But there's other newes to comfort you withall, sir.

Mam. Let's heare them, good *Flawne*. My ship, my bonds, my bonds, my ship, I shall runne madde vnlesse thy good newes reclaime me. Let's heare thy newes.

Flawne. Your house with all the furniture is burnt, not a
ragge

of PASQVIL and KATHERINE.

ragge left, the people stand warming their hands at the fire, and laugh at your miserie.

Mam. I defie heauen, earth and hell, renounce my nose, plague, pestilence, confusion, famine, sword and fire, deuoure all, deuoure me, deuoure *Flawne*, deuoure all: bonds, house, and ship, ship, house, and bonds, Despaire, Damnation, Hell, I come, I come, so roome for *Mamon*, roome for Vsurie, roome for thirtie in the hundred. I come, I come, I come.

Exit Mamon.

Flawne. Why, me thinkes this is right now, Ile euen lay him vp in *Bedlame*, commit him to the mercie of the whip, the entertainment of bread and water, and the sting of a Vsurers Conscience for euer.

Exit Flawne.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Drum and Winifride.

Drum. Truly mistris *winifride*, as I would bee willing to be thankfull, and thankfull to fir you willing to prostrate your faire parts to my pleasure, so I hope you wil remember your promise, and promise what you now remember, if you haue forgot, I would be glad to put you in mind of it.

Wini. Truly friend *John*, as I would bee loth to breake my promise, so I would be vnwilling to keepe my word to the dishonesting of my virginie. Marie for a nights lodging or so, I will not be strait lac'd to my friend. Therefore thus it must be. To night I must lye at the Farme at *Halloway*, thither shall you be conueied in this Sacke, and laid in my chamber, from whence you shall haue free accessse to the pleasures of my priuate bed.

Drum.

A pleasant Comedie

Drum. VVell then, bee constant *Winifride*, and you shall find mee faithfull *Iacke Drum*: and so taking leaue of your lips, I betake me to the tuition of the Sacke.

Enter Twedle. *Exit Drum.*

Twe. *Winifride*, my mistris *Camelia* stales for you to attend her to the Greene, I must goe and clap my Tabers cheekes there, for the heauens Ifaith.

Wini. Stay a little here, and if *Iohn fo de King* come, giue him that Sack. Oh, I could crack my Whalebones, break my Buske, to thinke what laughter may arise from this.

Enter Mounseieur. *Exit Winifride.*

Moun. By my trot, dis loue is a most cleanly Ientleman, he is very ful of shift, de fine vench, can invent ten towland towland trick to kisse a men (*he*) see by gor she ha keep her word, shee is in de secke alreadie, hee, braue by gor, my bloud das sparkle in my veine for ioy. Metre *Timosty*, you must giue me dat secke dere.

Timo. Owy da *Mounseieur*, that is well pronounced, is it ot?

Moun. Ritt, ritt, ritt, excellan: excellan: adiew *Timothy*, me am almost burst for ioy. *Exit Mounseieur.*

Twe. Well, I know what the wenches on the Greene are sayi:ag now, as well as if I were in their bellies: when will *timothy* come, when will honest *Timothy* approch, when will good *Timothy* draw neere? Wel wenches now reioyce, for *Timothy Twed'e* doth come. *Exit Twedle.*

Enter Pla. Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Bra. In. Brother how like you of our moderne wits? How like you the new Poet *Melhdus*?

Bra. Sig. A slight bubbling spirit, a Corke, a Huske.

Pla. How like you *Musus* fashion in his carriage?

Bra. Sig. O filthilie, he is as blunt as *Paules*.

Bra. In.

of PASQVIL and KATHERINE.

Bra. Ju. What thinke you of the lines of *Decius*?
Writes he not a good cordiall sappie file?

Bra. Sig. A surreinde laded wit, but a rubbes on.

Pla. Brabant, thou art like a paire of ballance,
Thou wayest all sauing thy selfe.

Bra. Sig. Good faith, troth is, they are all apes and guls,
Vile imitating spirits, drie heathie Turffes.

Bra. Ju. Nay brother, now I think your iudgement erres.

Pla. Erre, hee cannot erre, man, for children and fooles
speake truth alwaies.

Enter Mounseieur with a Saeke, and Iacke Drum in it.

Bra. Sig. See who comes yonder sweating with a packe.

Pla. Mounseieur, what doe you beare there ha?

Moun. Pree you away, you breake my glasses der, Ieshu,
now me know not what to doe, Zot dat I was to come dis-
way widd dem.

Pla. Glasses you salt rheume, come what ha you there?

Moun. Trike no more for Ieshu sake, by gor mee haue
brittle vare, if you knocke it, it will breake presant, pre you
adiew.

Bra. Ju. We must know what's in the bag I saith.

Moun. By my trot, mee tell you true, will you no trike
me den?

Bra. Ju. No faith, but see you tell vs true, or else.

Moun. Or else, or else by gor, doe wat you please wid me.
Sweet *Vinifride*, my verie art dus vurst, he by gor, mee did
not dinke to vrong yow dus: come out sweet *Vinifride*, me
much discredit yow.

He Iacke Drum. Iesu vat made you dere?

Drum. Gentlemen, my M. desires you to come sup
with him, I was sent to inuite you, and this itching Goate,
would needes ease my legges and carrie me: I hope you'e

A pleasant Comedie

come, and so I take my leaue. I, I am guld, but if I quit her not, well. *Exit Drum.*

Bra. Sig. Come, there's some knot of knauerie in this trick.

Pla. His culler is not currant, well, let passe.

Bra. Sig. Come *Mounsieur*, come, I'll helpe you to a Wench,

Goe downe the hill before, I'll follow you.

Moun. Mee dank you: Mor deu, he mon a mee, me ame trooke dead wit grieve, de cock of my humore is downe, and me may hang my selfe vor a Vench. *Exit Moun.*

Bra. Sig. Gentlemen, will you laugh hartily now?

Pla. I, and if thou wilt play the foole kindly now.

Bra. Sig. I will strait frame the strongest eternall iest That e're was builded by inuention:

My wife lies verie priuate in the Towne,

I'll bring the *French* man to her presently,

As to a loose lasciuious Curtezan;

Nor he, nor you, nor she, shall know the rest,

But it shall be immortall for a iest. *Exit Bra. Sig.*

Bra. In. Farewell brother, we shall meet at *Hygate* soone.

Pla. The wicked iest be turnde on his owne head,
Pray God he may be kindly Cuckoled. *Exeunt both.*

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Came. Carrie this fauour to my *Ellis* straight,
I long to see him, prethee bid him come.

Wini. I would be loth to nourish your defame,
And therefore Mistris pray you pardon me.

Came. What, is thy iudgement of my *Ellis* changde?

Wini. No, that is firme: but your estate is changde.
You know your sister's strangely vanished,

And

And now the hope and reueneue of all,
 Cals you his sole, and faire apparant heire:
 Now therefore would I haue you change your loue.
 Indeed I yeeld 'tis moderne policie,
 To kisse euen durt that plaisters vp our wants.
 I'll not denie, 'tis worthie wits applause,
 For women on whom lowring Fortune squints,
 And casts but halfe ancie of due respect,
 To pinne some amorous Idiot to their cies,
 And vse him as they vse their Looking-glasse,
 See how to adorne their beauties by his wealth,
 And then case vp the foole and lay him by.
 But for such Ladies as your selfe is now,
 Whose fortunes are sustain'd by all the props
 That gracious Fortune can aduance you with,
 For such a one to yoke her free sweet youth
 Vnto a Lowne, a Turke-like barbarous Sor,
 A gilden Trunchion, fie, 'tis slauish vile.
 Oh, what is richer then content in loue?
 And will you now hauing so huge a Ruck
 Of heap'd vp fortunes, goe and chaine your selfe
 To a dull post, whose verie eyes will blaze
 His base-bred spirit, where so e're he comes,
 And shame you with the verie name of wife?
 No Mistris, no, I haue found out a man
 That merits you, if man can merit you.

Came. Lord what a tide of hate comes creeping on
 Vpon my former iudgement? Come, the man?

Wini. The man? (oh God) the man is such a man,
 That he is matchlesse: oh, I shall prophane
 His name with vnrespected vtterance.

Came. Oh, thou tormentest me, deare *Winfride*, the man?

A pleasant Comedie

Wini. By the sweet pleasures of an amorous bed,
I thinke you will be desir'd by him.
O God, the most accomplish'd man that breathes,
And *Planet* is the man.

Came. Out on the Deuill, there's a man indeed.

Wini. Nay, looke you now, you'le straight orethoote
your selfe,
You'le say hee's sowre and vnsociable:
Tush you know him not, that humour's forc'd:
But in his native spirit hee's as kind
As is the life of loue. And then the clearest skinnie,
The whitest hand, the cleaneft well shap'd legge:
The quickest eye: Fie, fie, I shall but blurre
And sulley his bright worth with my rude speech.

Came. Well, if he court me, I'll not be much coy.

Wini. Court you? nay, you must court him for ought I
know:

You must not thinke forsooth, that I am fee'd
To vrge you thus. I solemnely protest,
I motion this out of my pure vowed loue,
Which wilheth all aduancement and content
To attend the glorie of your beautious youth.

Came. O, I am *Planet* stricken, *Winifride*,
How shall I intimate my loue to him?

Wini. I saw him comming vp the hill euen now,
Send him a fauour, and Ple beare it to him,
And tell him you desire to speake with him.

Exit Winifride.

Came. Do, do, deare *Winifride*, sweet wench make haste.

*Enter Sir Edward Fortune, and Iohn Ellis with
a Paper in his hand.*

Ellis. Sir, I haue her good will, and please you now to
giue

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

giue me your consent, and looke you sir, here I haue Item'd forth what I am worth.

Sir Ed. Tush, shew mee no Items, and shce loue you a Gods name: Ile not bee curst by my daughter for forcing her to clip a loath'd, abhorred match: and see how fortunate we are; Looke where she stands.

Came. Sweet *Planet*, thou onely gouern'st me

Sir. Ed. Daughter, giue mee your hand, with your consent I giue you to this gentleman.

Came. Marie phoh, will you match me to a foole?

Sir. Ed. God pardon me, not I: why *M. Ellis* ha? Had you her consent, speake freely, man?

Ellis. Indeed law now, I thought so: by my troth You sed you lou'd me, that you did indeed.

Came. Pas my foole, my Ideot to make sport.

Sir Ed. Fie daughter, you are too plaine with him. Alas, my sonne *Simily* is out of countenance.

Ellis. Truely as a Mill-horse, is not a Horse-Mill, and as a Cart-lade, is not a lade-Cart, euen so will I goe hat my selfe.

Sir Ed. Marie God forbid, what frolicke, frolicke man, wee le haue a Cup of Sacke and Sugar soone, shall quite expell these mustie humours of stale melancholy.

Enter Pasquil and a Country Wench, with a Basket of Egges.

Pas. Is this the Egge where *Castor* and *Pollux* bred? Ile cracke the Bastard in the verie shell.

Conn. Mayd. Alas, my markets, my markets are cleane spoilde. *Exit Wench.*

Pas. *Vbi Hellenæ, Vbi Troin?* ist not true my *Ganimede*? When shall olde *Saturne* mount his Throne againe? See, see, alas, how bleake *Religion* stands.

A pleasant Comedie

Katherina. *Katherine*, you damned *Titanoes*,
Why pricke you heauens ribs with blasphemie?

Python yet breathes, olde gray hair'd pietie.

Sir Ed. Alas, kind youth, how came he thus distraught?

Page. I left him in pursuit of *Katherine*,
And found him in this strange distemperature.

Pas. O sir, ist you that stampe on literature?
You are inspired you with Prophesie.

Ellis. Not I, as I shall be sau'd, I am M. *Iohn Ellis* I.

Sir Edw. Come, come, let's intice him by some good
meanes,

Ile labour to reclaime him to his wits.

O, now my daughter *Katherine* remembers me,
Where art thou girle? heauen giue me patience.

Pas. Poore, poore *Astrea*, who blurres thy orient shine?
Come, yons the Capitoll of *Iupiter*,
Let's whip the Senate, els they will not leaue
To haue their Iustice blasted with abuse

Of flattering *Sycophants*. Come, let's mount the stars,
Reuerend antiquitie goe you in first——

Dorage will follow. Then comes pale-fac'd lust——

Next *Sodome*, then *Gomorha*, next poore I,

By heauen my heart is burst with miserie.

Exit Pas.

Enter Brabant Signior, Maansieur and the Page.

Moun. I ha tell yow de verie trote of the lagge iest, by gor
your England Damosels are so feere, so vittie, so kir, by my
trote shee tossie mee with vey shee please der: but pre yow
were is de Vench? Is dis de hourse? Ha is dis de hourse, pre
yow tell me ha?

Bra. Sig. It is, it is, and she is in the inner Chamber: Boy
call her forth.

Exit Page.

Moun. Sings. By gor den me must needs now sing,

Ding,

of PASQVIL and KATHERINE.

*Ding, ding, ading, Dinga, dinga, ding,
For me am now at pleasures spring.*

*Dinga, ding, ding, dinga, dinga, dinga, ding,
And a bee da vench, da vench, da vench,
which must my brulng humour quench. Come, come, com.*

Enter Mistris Brabant.

Mist. Bra. Now sweet, you kept your promise well last night.

Moun. By gor she giue him much kind word alreadye.

Bra. Sig. Wel, to make thee amends, boy, fetch vs a quart of Canarie Sacke. Pre-thee Mall entertaine this French Gentleman.

Mist. Bra. Sir, you are verie welcome to my lodging.

Moun. Me danck you, and first me kisse your fingre, next me busse your lip, and last me clip your vaile, and now foutra for de Vinifride.

Page. Sir Edwards Caterer passed by sir, you will d mee to remember Lemmons.

Bra. Sig. Gods precious 'tis true: Boy, goewith mee to Billingsgate. Mall, I'll retorne straight.

Exit Bra. Sig. and his Page.

Moun. Will yow no Vin sir, he, he is gone purposely, by my trote most kind Gentleman. Faire Madame pree vou pittie me, by Gor me languish for your loue, mee am a no-uera French lenthleman, pree shew mee your bed-Chambre.

Mist. Bra. What meane you sir, by this strange passion?

Moun. Nay noting, by Gordamofell, you bee so faer, so admirably feer, flesh and bloud cannot indure your countenance, mee brule, ang mee brule, ang yow ha no compassion, by gor mee ang quite languish. Last night mee goe to bedde, and mee put de candle behinde mee, and
by

by my trote me see cleane thorough me. Me ang so drie, mee put a cold plattre at my backe, and my backe melt deplattre quite, doe so burne. Pree you shew me your bed Chambré, me will bee secret constant: I loue you vnreasonably vell, vnreasonably vell by gor.

Mist. Bra. In faith you make mee blush, what should I say?

Moun. Say no, ang take it: Or arke you one ting, Say neder yea nor no, but take it, ang say noting.

Mist. Bra. You will be close and secret?

Moun. Secred, by gor as secred as your sowle, mee will tell noting, possible.

Mist. Bra. Well sir, if it please you to see my Chamber, tis at your seruice.

Exit Mist. Brabant.

Moun. Henow me ang braue *Monsieur*, by gor ang mee had know dis, me woode haue eate some Potatos, or Ringoe: but vell: he. Me will tanck *Metre Brabant* vor dis, by gor me am caught in heauen blisse.

Exit Monsieur.

Enter Camelia and Venus fide, hanging on

Planets armes.

Came. Oh, too unkind, why do'st thou scorne my loue? Shee that with all the vehemence of speech Hath beene pursued, and kneeled to for loue, Pertrates her selfe, and all her choicest hopes, As lowe as to thy sect, disdain me not, To scorne a Virgin, is mans odious blot.

Pla. To scorne a man, is Virgins odious blot. Wert thou as rich as is the Oceanis wombe, As beautious as the glorious frame of heauen, Yet would I lothe thee worse then varnish skuls, Whose riuels are daub'd vp with plaistering paint.

Came. O Rockie spirit.

Pla.

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Plan. Breathe not in vaine, I hate thy flatterings,
Detest thy purest elegance of speech,
Worse then I doe the Croking of a Toade.

Winif. Sweet Gentleman.

Plan. Peace you Rebato-pinner, Poting-sticke,
You bribde corrupters of affection:
I hate you both, by heauen I hate her more
Then I doe loue my selfe. Hence, packe away,
Ile sooner dote vpon a bleare-eide Witch,
A saplesse Beldame, then Ile flatter thee.

Cam. Be not too cruell, sweet *Planet*, deare relent,
Compassionate my amorous languishment.

Plan. Ha, ha, I pree thee kneele, beg, blubber, crie,
Whilst I behold thee with a lothing eie:
And laugh to see thee weepe.

Cam. Looke, on my knees I creepe,
Be not impenetrable, beautionous youth,
But smile vpon me, and Ile make the aire
Court thy choice care with soft delicious sounds.
Bring forth the Violls, each one play his part,
Musick's the quiuver of young *Cupids* dart.

The Song with the Violls.

Plan. Out *Syren*, peace scritch-owle, hence chattering Pie
The blacke-beakt night-Crow, or the howling Dog,
Shall be more gracious then thy squeaking voice:
Goe sing to *M. Iohn*. I shall be blunr
If thou depart not, hence, goe mourne and die,
I am the scourge of light inconstancie. *Exit Cam. & Winif.*
Thus my deare *Brabant*, am I thy renenge,
And whip her for the peeuish scorne shee bare
To thy weake yonger birth: O, that the soules of men

A pleasant Comedie

Were temperate like mine, then Natures paint
Should not triumph o're our infirmities.
I doe adore with infinite respect,
Women, whose merit issues from their worth
Of inward graces, but these rotten posts
That are but gilt with outward garnishment,
O, how my soule abhorres them. Yon's my friend,

Enter Brabant Junior.

I will conceale what I for him haue wrought,
Nice ieaiousie mistakes a friendly part:
Now, *Brabant*, where's thy elder brother, ha?
What, hath he built the iest with *Monsieur* yet?

Bra. Ju. Faith, I know not, but I heard he left the French-
man with his wife.

Planet. Knew shee thy brothers meaning?

Bra. Ju. Not a whit, shee's a meere stranger to this mer-
riment:

Plan. Hit and be lückie, ô, that 'twere lawfull now
To pray to God that he were Cuckoled.
Deare *Brabant*, I doe hate these bumbaste wits,
That are puffed vp with arrogant conceit.
C their owne worth, as if *Omnipotence*
Had hoised them to such vnequall height,
That they furnai'd our spirits with an eye,
Onely create to censure from aboue,
When good soules they doe nothing but reprove.
See where a Shallop comes. How now, what newes?

Enter Winifride, and whispers with Planet.

Bra. Ju. What might this meane, that *Winifride* salutes
The blunt tongu'd *Planet*, with such priuate speech?

See:

of PASQUILL and KATHERINE.

See with what vehemence shee seemes to yrge
Some priuate matter. *Planet* is my friend,
And yet the strongest linke of friendship's strain'd,
When female loue puts to her mightie strength.
Marke, marke, shee offers him *Cameliass* scarfe:
Now on my life 'tis so: *Planet* supplants my Loue.

Plan. Friend, I must leave thee, preethee pardon me,
Weele meet at supper soone with the good knight.

Exeunt Plan. and Winifride.

Bra. In. I, I, content: O hell to my delight,
My friend will murder me, thin Cob-web Lawne
Burst with each little breath of tempting sweets.

Winifride speakes from within.

Shee intreats you *M. Planet*, to meet
Her at the Crosse stile.

Bra. In. Ha, at the crosse stile? well, I le meet him there.
He that's perfidious to me in my loue,
Confusion take him, and his bloud be spilt
Without confusion to the murderer.

Exit Brabant.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

*Enter Bra. In. and his Page, charging
a Pistol.*

Bra. In. SO, lode it soundly, murder's great with me,
Goe, Boy, discharge it, euen in *Planets* brest,
Shoot him quite through, and through, thou canst not sin
To murder him, that murdered his deare friend
With damned breach of friendship, when he is slaine
Bring me his Cloke and Hat, here I will stay

A pleasant Comedie

To be imbrac'd in stead of *Planet*: goe, away. *Exit Boy.*
I had rather die with blood vpon my head,
Shame and reproch clogging my heauie houre,
Then t'haue my friend still wounding of my soule
With reprobate *Apostasie* in loue,
O, this *Sophisticate* friendship, that dissolues
With euery heate of Fancie, let it melt
Euen in Hels Forge. Harke, the Pistoll is discharg'd,
The Act of gorie murder is perform'd:
Haue mercy, heauen: O, my soule is rent.

Enter the Page.

With *Planets* wound. Come Boy, the Hat and Cloke,
Goe poste to *Scotland*, there are crownes for thee,
Leaue *Brabant* vnto death, and obloquie. *Exit Page.*
Why, now the vlcereous swelling of my hate
Is broken forth: Oh, that these womens beauties,
This Natures witchcraft, should inchaunt our soules
o infinitely vnrecouerable,
- hat hell, death, shame, eternall infamie,
Cannot reclaime our desperate resolues,
But we will on spight of damnation.

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Come yee poore garments of my murdered friend,
Mourne that you are compeld to hide his limbs,
That flue you. Master, see, *Camelia* comes,
I'll stand thus muffled and deceiue her sight,
When loue makes head, friendship is put to flight.
Cam. Perisist not still, O thou relentlesse youth,
To scorne my loue: what tho I scorn'd thy friend,
Doe not vpbraide me still with hating him,

Doe:

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Doe not still view me with a lothing eie.
For *Brabant's* sake, doe you but loue me, sweet,
And I'll not scorne him. Why shouldst be so nice
In keeping lawes of friendship? didst thou e're heare
Of any soule that held a friend more deare,
Then a faire woman?

Bra. In. O, the sting of death, how hath *Brabant* err'd?
Hence thou vile wombe of my damnation,
Oh, thou wrong'd spirit of my murdred friend,
Thou guiltlesse, spotlesse, pure, immaculate,
Behold, this arme thrusting swift vengeance
Into the trunck of a curst damn'd wretch.

He drawes his Rapier.

Winif. Heele spoile himselfe, let's run and call for helpe.

Exit Camel. and Winif.

Bra. In. Now haue I roome for murder, this vast place,
Hush'd silence, and dumbe solitude, are fit
To be obseruers of my Tragedie.
Planet, accept the smoke of reeking blood
To expiate thy murder. Friend, I come,
Weelettroope together to *Elixirum*.

Enter Sir Edward, Camelia, Winifride, Ellis, Brabant

Tuinde, Drum, and others.

Sir Ed. Hold, haire-brain'd youth, what mischief makes
thy thoughts?

Bra. In. Forbeare, good knight, you neuer sinn'd so deep,
As in detayning this iust vengeance
To light vpon me, but know I will die,
I haue infring'd the lawes of God and Man,
In shedding of my *Planets* guiltlesse blood,
Who I supposde couuld me in loue

A pleasant Comedie

Of that *Camelia*, but iniuriously:
And therefore, gentle Knight, let mine owne hand
Be mine owne hang-man.

Bra. Sig. Brother, I'll get you pardon, feare it not.

Bra. Iun. You'll get my pardon, brother, pardon me,
You shall not, for I'll die in spight of thee.

Sir Ed. I am turn'd wilde in wonder of this act.

Enter Planet, and the Page.

P'an. Come, *Brabant*, come, giue me my Cloke and Hat,
The euening's raw and danke, I shall take cold.
How now? turn'd mad, why starst thou on me thus?
Giue me my Cloke. Hart, is the youth distraught?

Bra. Iu. Ha, dost thou breathe, let's see where is thy
wound?

Plan. Dost breathe, my wound, what dost thou meane
by this?

Page. Gentlemen, I can direct you forth
This Labyrinth of intricate misdoubts,
My Master will'd me kill that Gentleman,
Now I thought he was mad in putting me
To such an enterprize, and therefore sooth'd him vp,
With I sir, yes sir, and so sir, at each word,
W^hilst he would shew me how to hold the Dagge,
To draw the Cock, to charge, and set the flint,
Meane time I had the wit to thinke him mad,
And therefore went, and as he will'd me shoot, (heart,
Which he, God knowes, thought pearc'd his deare friends
Then went and borrowed that same hat and cloke
Of *M. Planet*, brought them to my Master,
And so.

Plan. No more, no more, Knight, I will make thee smile
When

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

When I discourse how much my friend hath err'd.

Sir Ed. I will dissolue and melt my soule to night,
In influent laughter. Come, my locund spirit
Presagerh some vnhop't-for happinesse:

Wee'le crowne this euening with triumphant ioy,
I'll sup vpon this Greene, here's roome enough
To draw a liberall breath, and laugh aloud:

Drum, fetch the Table: *Twedle*, scoure your Pipe,
For my old bones will haue a round to night.

Now by my troth, and I had thought on't too,
I would haue had a play: *Isaith*, I would.

I saw the Children of *Powles* last night,
And troth they pleas'd me prettie, prettie well,
The Apes in time will doe it handsomely.

Plan. *Isaith* I like the audience that frequenteth there
With much applause: A man shall not be choke
With the stench of Carlick, nor be pasterd
To the barmie Iacker of a Beer-brewer.

Bra. In. 'Tis a good gentle audience, & I hope the bo
Will come one day into the Court of requests.

Bra. Sig. I, and they had good Plaies, but they produce
Such multie fopperies of antiquitie,
And doe not sure the humorous ages backs
With clothes in fashion.

Plan. Well, *Brabant*, well, you will be censuring still,
There lies a iest in sleep will whip you for't.

Sir Ed. Gallants, I haue no iudgement in these things,
But will it please you sit? *Camelia*,
Call these same Gentlemen vnto thee, wench:

O there with thee my *Katherine* was wont
To sit with gracefull presence, well let't passe:
Fetch me a cup of Sacke. Come Gallants, sit,

A pleasant Comedie

M. Brabant, *M. Planet*, I pray you sit.
Young *M. Brabant*, and Gods precious, *M. John*,
Sit all, and consecrate this night to mirth.
Here is old *Neds* place: Come, sound Musicke there,
What, Gallants, haue you ne're a Page can entertaine
This pleasing time with some French brawle, or Song?
What shall we haue, a Galliard? troth, 'tis well.

A Galliard.

Good Boy, I faith, I would thou hadst more roome.

Enter Katherine.

Kath. Once more the gracious heavens haue renew'd
My wast'd hopes, once more a blessed chance
Hath fetcht againe my spirit from the sownd
And languishing despaire of happinesse.
A skilfull Beldame, with the iuyce of hearbs,
Hath cur'd my face, and kild the venoms power,
And now if *Pasquil* live and loue me still,
Heauen is bounteous to poore *Katherine*.
You suppes my Father, but my *Ned's* not there,
I feare, and yet I know not what I feare.

r. Ed. Gallants, I drinke this to *Ned Pasquils* health.

Plan. I faith, I'le pledge him, would he had his wits.

Sir Ed. And I my daughter. Fill me one cup more:
No grieffe so potent, but neat sparkling wine
Can conquer him: Oh, this is iuyce diuine.

Kath. Would he had his wits. Oh, what a numming feare
Strikes a cold palsey through my trembling blood.

Enter Pasquil mad.

Pasq. Vertue shall burst ope the Iron gates of hell,
I'le not be coop'd vp, roome for *Phaeton*.

Lame

of PASQUYLL and KATHERINE.

Lame policy, how canst thou goe vpright?
O lust, staine not sweet Loue. Fie, be not lost
Vpon the surge of vulgar humours. You, Idiot,
Riuet my Armour, and Caparison,
A mightie Centaure, for I'll run at Tilt,
And tumble downe yon Giant in the dust.
Sit, gentle Iudges of great *Radamant*,
Let not *Proserpine* rule thee. Oh, shee's dead.
Now, thou art right *Eacus*, I appeale to thee,
Haue pittie on a wretches miserie.

Sir Ed. I am quite sunck with griefe, what shall we doe
To get reouerie of his wits againe?

Bra. In. Let Musicke sound, for I haue often heard
It hath such sweet agreement with our soules,
That it corrects vaine humours, and recalls
His straggling fancies to faire vnion.

Plan. Why, the soule of man is nought but simphonies,
A sound of disagreeing parts, yet faire vnite
By heauens hand, diuine by reasons light.

Sir Ed. Sound Musicke, then pray God it take effect.

*The Musicke sounds, and Pasquills eye is fixt vpon
Katherine.*

Bra. In. Marke with what passion he sucks vp the sweets
Of this same delicate harmonious breath.

Plan. Obserue him well, me thinks his eye is fixt
Vpon some obiect, that seemes to attract
His very soule forth with astonishment.
Marke with what vehemence his thoughts doe speake,
Euen in his eyes, some creature stands farre off,
That hath intranc't him with a pleasing sight.

Pasq. Amazement, wonder, stiffe astonishment,

A pleasant Comedie

Stare and stand gazing on this miracle,
Per fection, of what e're a humane thought
Can reach with his discoursiue faculties,
Thou whose sweet presence purifies my sence
And do'st create a second soule in me,
Deare *Katherine*, the life of *Pasquils* hopes.

Kath. Deare *Pasquil*, the life of *Katherines* hopes.

Pas. Once more let mee imbrace the constant't one
That e're was tearmde her Sex perfection.

Kath. Once more let me be valued worth his loue,
In decking of whose soule, the graces stroue.

Pas. Spight hath out-spent it selfe, and thus at last,

Both speake.

We clip with ioyfull arme each others wast.

Sir Edw. O, pardon me, thou dread omnipotence,
I thought thou could'st not thus haue blessed me.

O, thou hast deaw'd my gray haire with thy loue,
And made my olde heart sprout with fertill ioy.

Kath. Forget, deare father, that my act hath wrong'd
The quiet of your age.

S. Ed. No more, no more, I know what thou would'st say,
Daughter, there's nothing but saluation

uld come vnto my heart more gracious,
Then is the sight of my deare *Katherine*.

Sonne *Pasquil* now, for thou shalt be my sonne,
What, frolicke gentle youth.

Pas. Is *Mamon* heere?

Drum. Oh sir, *M.* *Mamon* is in a Citie of *Iurie*, called
Bethlem, alias, plaine *Bedlame*: the price of whips is mighti-
ly risen, since his braine was pittifully ouertumbled, they
are so fast spent vpon his shoulders.

Pas. Oh sacred heauens, how iust is thy reuenge?

Sir

of PASQUILL and KATHERINE.

Sir Ed. Why? did he cast you in the labyrinth
Of these strange crosses?

Pasq. Yes, honor'd Knight, which in more private place
And fitter time, I will disclose at large.

Came. Faith sister, as I am your elder borne,
So will I match before, or with you, sure,
Young *M. Brabant*?

Bra. By this light, not I.

Cam. Honest *M. Ellis*.

Ellis. No indeed law, not I, I doe not vse to marrie:
For euen as blacke patches are worne,
Some for pride, some to stay the Rhewme, and
Some to hide the scab, euen so *John Ellis*
Scorne her, that hath scorned him.

Came. Vertuous Master *Planet*.

Plan. Errant wandering starre, we shall ne're agree.

Came. *M. Brabant*, *M. Planet*, *M. Ellis*, faith I'le haue any.

Sir Ed. But no body will haue thee, this is the plague of
light inconstancie.

Goe *Twedle*, bid the Butler broch fresh wine,
Set vp waxe lights, and furnish new the boords,
Knocke downe a score of Beefes,
Inuite my neighbours straight,
And make my dressers grone with waight of meat.
M. Ellis, pray you let vs heare your high Dutch song.
You are admired for it: Good let's heare it.

Ellis. I doe not vse to sing, and yet euen as when the skie
falls, we shall haue Larkes, euen so, when my voice riseth,
you shall haue a song.

He singeth, holding a Bowle of drinke in his hand.

A pleasant Comedie

The Song.

Give vs once a drinke, for an the blacke Bowle,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once some drinke, for an the pinte Pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once a drinke, for an the quart Pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the quart, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once some drinke, for an the pottle pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once a drinke, for an the gallon pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the gallon, the pottle, the quart,
the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once a drinke, for an the Firkin,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle,
the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once a drinke, for an the Kilderkin,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Kilderkin, the firkin, the gal-
lon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once some drinke, for an the Barrell,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the barrell, the kilderkin, the fir-
kin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Give vs once some drinke, for an the Hoghead,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the hoghead, the barrell, the kil-
derkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot.

For

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.

Giue vs once a drinke, for an the But,

Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Butt, the hoghead, the barrell,
the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the
pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.

Giue vs once some drinke, for an the Pipe,

Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Pipe, the butt, the hoghead,
the barrell, the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the
quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.

Giue vs once some drinke, for an the Tunne,

Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Tunne, the pipe, the butt, the
hoghead, the barrell, the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the
pottle, the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.

Sir Ed. Well done, I faith 'twas chanted merrily:

What, my Gallants, ne're a tickling iest

To make vs fowne with mirth ere we goe in?

Bra. Sig. Faith Gent. I ha' brewed such a strong head. . .
Will make you drunke, and reele with laughter:

You know Monsieur Iohn fo de King?

Sir Ed. Very well, he read French to my daugh^r.

Bra. Sig. I, to gull the Foole, haue brough't him to my
wife, as to a loose lasciuious Curtezian, shee being a meere
stranger to the iest, and there, some three houres agoe left
him: but I am sure shee hath so cudgel'd him with quicke
sharpe iests, and so batter'd him with a volley of her wit, as
indeed shee is exceeding wittie, and admirable chaste, that
in my conscience hee'l neuer dare to court women more.
Would to God he were return'd.

A pleasant Comedie

Enter Monsieur.

Sir Ed. See, euen on your wish, he's come.

Moun. Iesu preserve you, sweet Metre *Brabant*, by gor de most delicat plumpe vench dat euer mee tuche: mee am your slaue, your peasaunt; by gor a votre seruice whilste I liue vor dis.

Bra. Sig. He would perswade you now, that hee toucht her with an iramodest hand. Ha, ha, ha.

Moun. Tuch her, by gor me tuch her, and tuch her, and me tuch her, me ne're tuch such a venche, de finca soote, de cleaneft legge, de sleekest skin: and me tell e sure token, she hath de finest little varte, you know veare: he by gor mee ne're tuch such a vench.

Sir Ed. Pray God hee haue not brew'd a headie iest indeede.

Bra. Sig. Why, faith Gentlemen, I am Cuckold, by this light I am.

Moun. By gor mee no know, you tell a mee 'twas a C^{te}tezan, pray you pardon me, by my trote, me teche you Fi^{ch} to t^{end} of the vorlde.

Pla. Come, here's thy cap of Maintenance, the Coronet Of Cuckolds. Nay, you shall weare it, or weare My P^{ier} in your guts, by heauen.

Why, doest thou not well deserue to be thus vs'd?

Why should'st thou take felicitie to gull

Good honest soules, and in thy arrogance

And glorious ostentation of thy wit,

Thinke God infused all perfection

Into thy soule alone, and made the rest

For thee to laugh at? Now, you Censurer,

Be the ridiculous subiect of our mirth.

Why Foole, the power of Creation

of PASQUIL and KATHERINE.

Is still Omnipotent, and there's no man that breathes
So valiant, learned, wittie, or so wise,
But it can equall him out of the same mould,
Wherein the first was form'd. Then leaue proud scorne,
And honest selfe-made Cuckold, weare the horne.

Bra. Sig. Weare the horne? I, spite of all your teeth
Ile weare this Crowne, and triumph in this horne.

Sir Ed. Why, faith 'tis valorously spoke, faire Sir,
Wee'le solemnize your Coronation
With royall pompe. Now, Gentlemen, prepare
A liberall spirit to entertaine a iest,
Where free light Iocund mirth shall be enthron'd
With sumptuous state. Now Musicke beat the aire,
Intrance our thoughts with your harmonious sounds,
Our *Fortune* laughes, and all content abounds.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

The names of all the Men and Women,

that Act this Play.

1. *Sir Edward Fortune.*

2. *Brabant Signior, and his Page.*

3. *Brabant Junior, and his Page.*

4. *Flouce.*

5. *Puffe, and his Page.*

6. *John Ellis, and his Page.*

7. *Matron the Ysarer, with a great nose.*

8. *Flawne his Page.*

9. *Timot by Twedle.*

10. *Jache Drum.*

11. *Pasquil.*

12. *Monsieur.*

THE WOMEN.

1. *Katherine.*

2. *Camelia.*

3. *Winfrida.*

4. *Market Woman.*